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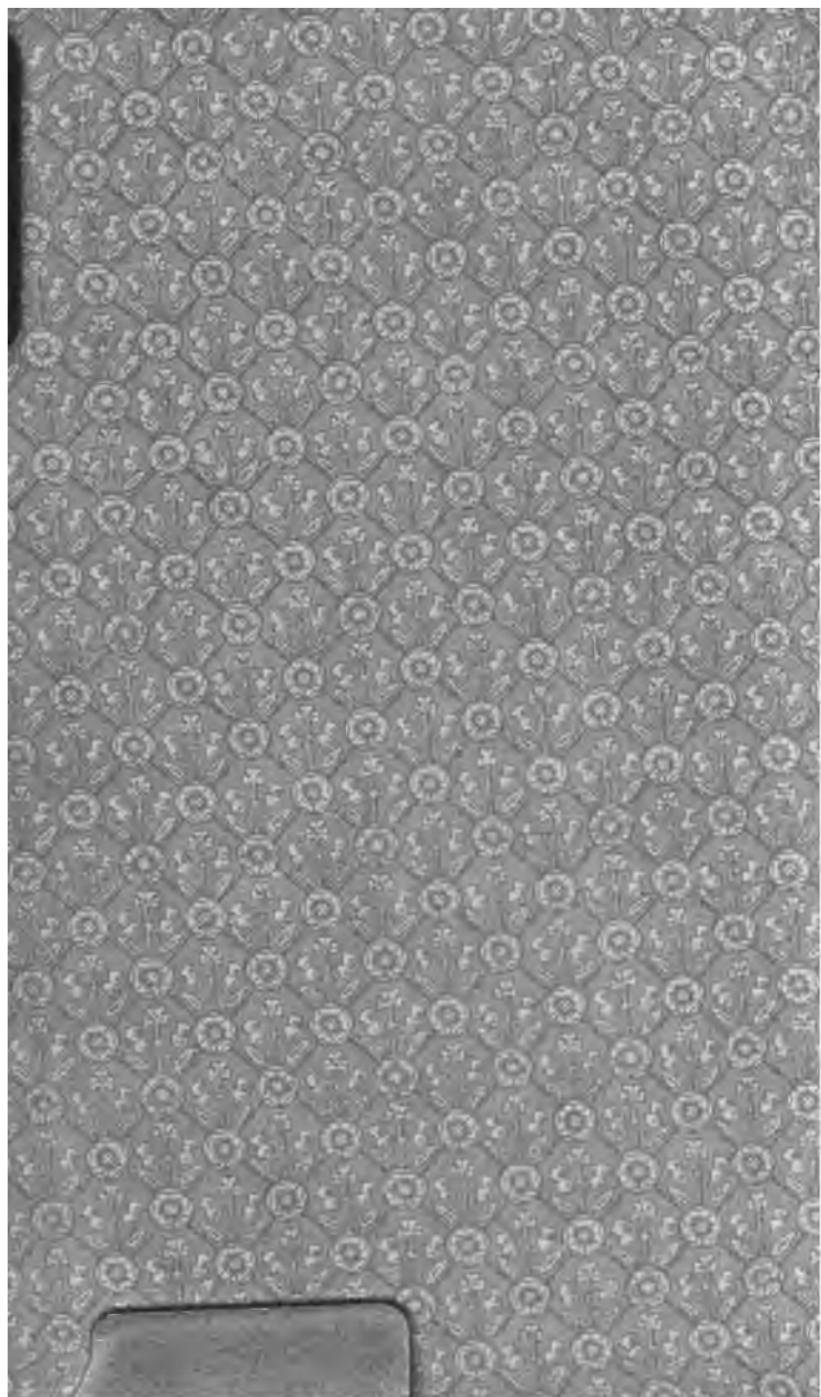
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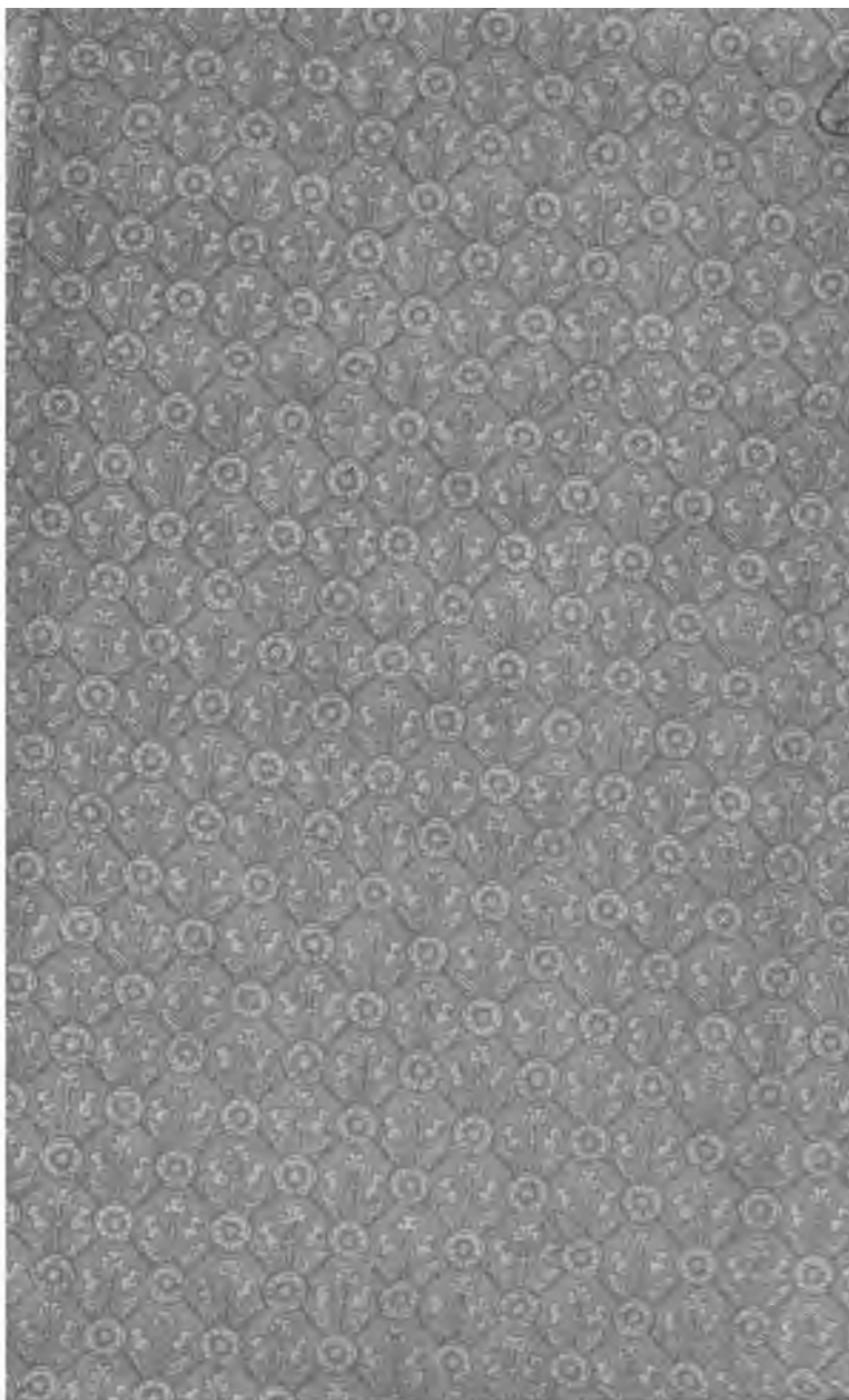
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HORSLEY'S



POEMS.







Moving truly
J. Horsley

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

J. HORSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "STRAY LEAVES," "THE ROYAL ROSE,"
"TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND, GERMANY AND BELGIUM,
SCOTLAND AND IRELAND," &c., &c.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

Darlington:

W. STAIRMAND, PRINTER, 10, BLACKWELLGATE.

1889.

**TO MY
TWO GRANDCHILDREN,
FRED AND JOHN HORSLEY,
THIS
VOLUME OF POEMS
IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.**

2

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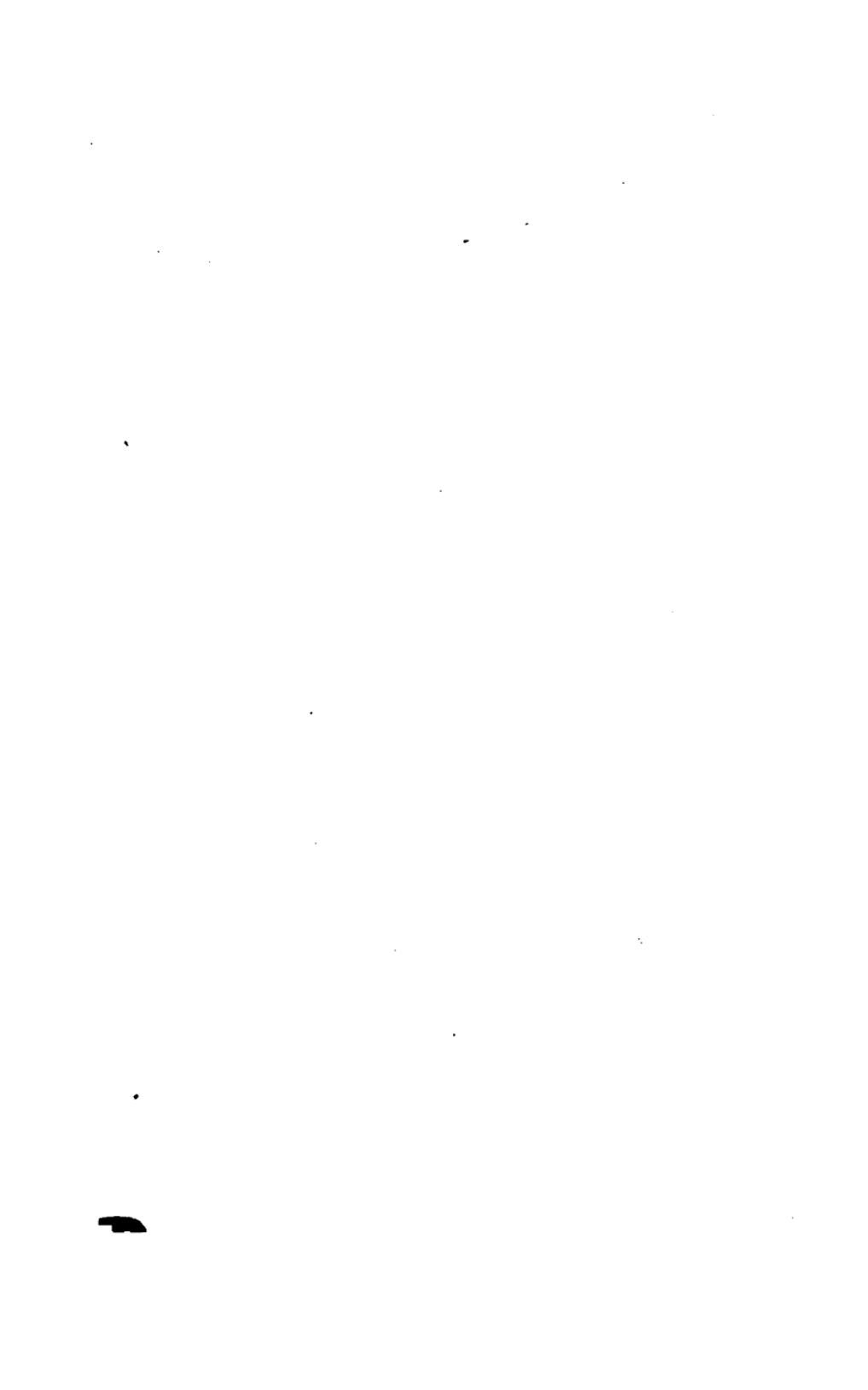
P R E F A C E .

FOR THE THIRD TIME I venture to lay before the Public my Poetical Effusions, the contents of which have afforded the writer many happy hours of pastime and mental pleasure. They contain subjects of interest in and around this grand old town—the Capital of South Durham. Yet they take in a wider scale of subjects, many of which go out to other districts. The Poet, like the Artist, dwells upon and sketches with the pen what the Artist does with the pencil.

The success which attended the two volumes he has given to the public encourages him to give this, it may be his last, before he hangs his lyre on the spot where the willows bend.

Nature has been a source of unspeakable pleasure to the writer, but always with a desire to look up to Nature's God.

DARLINGTON, JULY, 1889.





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POEMS.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE OF HARTLEPOOL.

THE STORY OF THE MATE OF THE RUSSIAN PRIZE
VESSEL, "THE WILD TOM CAT."

On a rugged cliff where the billows beat
In their foaming freaks, at the sea bird's feet ;
Away on the brink of St. Hilda's shore,
Where the wild, wild waves, mourn out evermore,
A charming young bride, in a sorrowful mood,
Alone on its brink in thoughtfulness stood ;
For soon she'd be left in her neat, cosy cot,
And her heart grew sad as she thought of her lot ;
For the man of her choice would soon be away
On the treacherous deep, by night and by day.
So she watched in the bay the gay, gallant barque,
With fluttering sails, like the wings of a lark,
And the brave British flag—the Union Jack—
Waved its silent adieu, on its outward track ;
While gallant Jack Tars, with a quick bounding leap,
Gave a farewell cheer as they skim'd o'er the deep.
And far, far away, on the top-gallant yard,

The ensign waved light ; but no sound was there
heard,
That brought a response from that loving young
maid,
As she stood on the heights where the wild waves
played,
Their hearts seeming one in that lone, trying hour,
As the ship sped its way, with a magical power,
'Till like a dark spot in the offing at sea.
Her mind traced the scene where each sailor might
be,
But above all the crew, there was one face alone
Which so often had smiled on that of her own.
Then a pray'r went up for the sailor's good weal,
That the winds' unknown ways in kindness might
deal,
And return him again from that far distant shore,
The form she was wont in her love to adore.
Now weeks roll'd away, and the time seemed so
long,
Yet she whiled its long hours with the sailor boy's
song ;
For oft, when ashore, he would sing " Nancy Lee,"
That sweetest of love songs, the song of the sea.
At times she would rise, and haste to the strand,
And watch all the craft that sailed to the land ;
Perchance she might hear some news after that
Of the good old ship call'd " The Wild Tom Cat,"

It had weathered strong gales, returning once more
 From its destined port on an African shore ;
 At times she would think, and picture the sail,
 When nor'-easters blew to the force of a gale
 Old tars, with a smile, almost with a jeer,
 Would ask in their fun, " What is your wills here ?
 Your Joseph's all right, by Neptune he is,
 That old favoured ship cuts the waves with a fiz.
 He'll be stepping ashore with a feather or two
 To deck his young bride, and make her look new."
 " Old Salt," she would say, " What comfort you
 give

To wives such as I, who are doom'd thus to live ;
 Ten months it is now since he passed by the Nore,
 He should have been back in six, nothing more.
 Now tell me," she said, " Any news from afar ?
 What's the name of that ship just crossing the bar ?"
 After this she'd return to her cot by the sea,
 To read shipping news ; perchance there might be
 Some one they had pass'd, and spoken " All well,"
 And wired the news for her owners to tell.
 Thus time would pass on till a dream of the night
 Brought out to her view a strange, phantom sight,
 Of a vessel of gold, with mariners bold,
 Swiftly plying the oar to a bright sunny shore,
 Where beyond its coves lay vast orange groves,
 Where profusely they grew for that vessel's crew,
 And beyond the reach of that golden beach,

There were fresh delights on its giddy heights,
Where the vine trees grew under skies so blue,
And the soft South breeze played among the trees.
From those spots they bore to the golden shore
The rich, ripened fruit, 'mid the sounds of the lute,
And they stow'd it away, as in port they lay,
Then row'd out again, o'er the rippling main,
To shores where ne'er fades the bloom of the maids,
Who wait the return at the dawn of the morn.
And thus the bride dream'd—'twas only a dream
Like flashes of light on a dark rolling stream—
And she lay until morn, when news told the tale
That the "Cat" had been wrecked in a boisterous
gale ;
That the crew man'd the boat which saved every
hand,
And only their lives were safe on the land ;
For the ship with its load had sunk in the deep,
And little was left of life's treasures to keep.
And so it turn'd out, as he oft would relate
The wreck of his ship and the crew's dreadful fate,
When nearing the coast with a sea running high,
And close to a lee shore, with sunken rocks nigh ;
Then striking on one, she trembled and roll'd,
With seas washing o'er her, and filling the hold ;
When the captain exclaimed " Each man to the
boat,
Her timbers are strained, she can't keep afloat ! "

Then a dark sudden squall from the starboard bow,
And the fierce foaming waves sent her plunging
below,

So they pull'd for the shore, and landed all right,
But with hearts bow'd down, that wearisome night.
Now it happened by chance, on that lonely shore,
That her Joseph was sent the scene to explore ;
When, to his surprise, he beheld in the light,
A gem of great price, shining beautifully bright.
He stowed it away, and would never unfold
The gem he had found till he changed it for gold ;
Then he thought of his bride he left far behind,
That charm of his life, that angel so kind ;
That, when he returned, how again he'd surprise,
And count out the gold before her bright eyes.
Weary weeks pass'd away but not his return ;
“Suspense,” she would say, “makes the heart
strings to burn.”

And thus she would fret at what she call'd fate,
The loss of her dear one—the ship's faithful mate.
One night when the snow was falling around,
And mantling with white the keen frozen ground ;
The ocean was calm, but the night proved dark,
As there entered the port a strange looking barque,
Just when the old bells of St. Hilda's peal'd forth,
With the jubilant notes of a Saviour's birth.
The wrecked one had come from that far, sunny land
With riches to give, from his sailor's hard hand.

With a light step he trod from the ship to the shore,

And in his right hand golden treasures he bore,

With a sailor's resolve his shipmates to treat;

When round his own hearth they should joyfully meet :

But not with the wine, nor yet with the grog,

For he banished them all when keeping the log ;

And a brave, bolder man ne'er mounted the mast,

Nor a cooler one stood in the storm or the blast.

And so through his life he resolved thus to live,

The grog ne'er to take, and never to give.

They'd just pass'd the lighthouse, which shone out so bright,

The beacon they'd seen in the distance that night ;

And, sailor-boy like, they were hieing away

To spend with companions their Christmas day.

In the meanwhile his wife heard steps of the young,

And hearken'd to carols they tunefully sung

As she rocked the wee bairn that lay fast asleep,

Praying angels around it safe watches would keep.

Thus musing, she pray'd for her husband's return,

To solace the life of her newly first born :

“ How welcome the sight, if thy father was here,

To share in the joys of our Christmas cheer ; ”

“ Is my husband alive, or in billows low laid ? ”

“ But, alas ! ” with a sigh, she mournfully said.

Mid thoughts such as these there came a light

knock,

Yet calm as it came, it came with a shock ;
 When in stepp'd the lost one, and stood at her side,
 Imprinting a kiss on the cheek of his bride !
 Aye, he whom she mourned stood before her again,
 After months had roll'd by while crossing the main !
 And as he thus stood, she presented her boy,
 Whom he clasped to his breast with a fatherly joy !
 In return for the gift, he gave her the gold,
 The price of the gem he had recently sold,
 Bewildered each stood, with shipmates at hand,
 Scarce knowing if they were at sea or on land.
 Just then there was heard with a joy that excels,
 The sweet, silver tones of the Christmas bells :
 Sweet music to those who had long absent been
 From the cot by the sea, near the fisherman's green.

IDA, THE FLORENTINE MAID.

The sun was pouring down his rays
 With glory both on mount and plain,
 Where Florence in her beauty stands,
 'Mid Italy's fair and vast domain.
 The pious priests, with holy zeal,
 Had bowed before their favoured cross,
 And wandered to their holy homes,

As if the world were sin and dross.
A youthful maiden, too, was seen
To trip with joy and lightsome heart ;
For she had been where anthems sweet
Were softly sung, and took her part.
She stepped as if an angel bright,
Had come to grace those scenes below ;
So sweet and fair, as if the world
For her had never known of woe.
Her raven hair in tresses hung,
And sweetly shone her loving face ;
Her eyes were bright as sparkling gems
Around a glittering crown of grace.
Her cheeks were mellow'd with the sun,
Yet bore a tinge of rosy hue,
Her lips were like the breath of morn,
And glistened as with morning dew.
Her Louie waited her return,
To gain her sister's sweet embrace ;
To catch the soft and sunny smile
That play'd so meekly on her face.
Lou' told her how she'd deck'd the room
Wherein a lady stranger dwelt ;
How she had seen her thoughtful read,
And how she in devotion knelt.
From England's distant shores she'd come,
To sketch the groves and sunny plains
That stretch sublimely o'er the vales,

Where nature in her glory reigns.
Fair Ida longed to see that face,
To gain her love and be her friend ;
Soon did she find the wish complete,
And with a joy on her attend.
She read with fervour and with zeal
The precious truths this lady read ;
Till light dawned on her anxious mind,
Which to a higher influence led.
Each morn she'd hasten up with joy
To deck with flowers the lady's room,
The choicest of her garden flowers,
So full of Italy's rich perfume.
Oft did she find her youthful heart
To beat with pleasure to attend,
With an endearing smile of love
Upon her new-made English friend.
Time rolled along its rapid course,
When from the wars a soldier came ;
She listened to his strange exploits,
His daring deeds and soldier's fame.
Till smitten with his gallant deeds
And tales of love, he won her heart ;
Her sweetness and her lovesome looks
Had pierced him with a magic dart.
Flamed with a more than earthly love,
Yet still she felt the soldier's too,
She trusted to his honoured fame,

Who'd led his men to victory through.
Alas for her, a fatal note
Revealed his false and base designs ;
Another maiden claimed his heart
Beyond the Florentine confines.
She pined in secret, sad and sore,
Through weary nights and lonely hours,
Until that form once sweet and fair
Was fading fast as fade the flowers.
With sorrow, silent as her love,
She struggled on her weary way,
And pined to think how cruel love
Had ruled her with a tyrant's sway.
Stung with remorse, he tried again
To win the gentle Ida's heart ;
To claim her as his loving bride,
But no, she answered, we must part.
How calm she trod the thorny path,
So fill'd with love supreme and high ;
She knew a power that led her on
Though soon she knew she'd have to die.
Her Louie watched with tender care
Her daily wants and sweet commands,
Her English friend, with equal thought,
Attended with her liberal hands.
But in her heart the passion, love,
Was sinking deeper to its core ;
Her happy home was destined soon

To share her lovesome smiles no more.
Sweet resignation reigned supreme
Within that seraph soul of hers ;
Rising beyond the soldier's love,
Where she in raptured spirit soars.
She'd hear sweet music's mellow strains,
Soft as the choir of angel bands,
While maidens with the choicest flowers
Would deck her couch with loving hands.
But love's false heart had done its work,
She calmly passed from earth away ;
Beautiful girl of Florentine blood,
Beautiful still, as in death she lay.
Now she sleeps in her peaceful bed
Beneath the yew tree's sombre shade,
Where flowers are brought by loving friends
To strew the grave of this young maid.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

ROWLANDSECK CASTLE ON THE RHINE.

By the banks of the Rhine, on Drachenfel's heights
The home of the brave, and the stronghold of
knights,
Young Rowland of yore built his castle secure
That through the long future its walls might endure.

In the prime of his life he sought for renown,
'Mid struggles of war when they fought for a crown,
A maiden he loved with a heart like his own
Pure as the snow when by winter winds blown.

And he left her in hope that some time again
They might wander in peace over mountain and
plain,
And be to each other a solace serene,
In those sylvan groves where the Rhine rolls between.

But tidings of woe came this maid's life to mar,
Of carnage and death 'mongst their friends in the
war ;
And the knight that she loved lay dead on the plain,
A warrior so true among brave warriors slain ;

So resolved in her heart, her grief to bewail
In a lone Rhenish convent, by taking the veil.
The tidings were false, for Rowland returned
But found to his grief that the maiden who mourned

Had gone from her home, a nun's life to live,
And devotion to him she no longer could give ;
So by Liebenstein rocks and the high-crested hills
Where the Rhine in its flow with majesty fills,

Here a stronghold he reared o'erlooking the isle
Where his loved one had gone to eschew the world's
guile.

From thence he could watch when the summer sun
shone

With radiance and light on his fair betrothed one;

From that sombre abode and high eagle's nest,
His keen piercing eye on his maiden could rest,
When white-robed Nuns walked round the cloistered
retreat,

Through the *Nonneuworth shade under midsummer
heat.

And again he could gaze when the Snow Queen so
bright

Was mantling the isle with her garments of white,
O'er moss-covered rocks 'mid the sun's setting
shade,

Where carmine hues pale and the rosy tints fade.

'Twas here life was spent, till one morning he found
His best-beloved maiden was missed from her round,
Then he wandered forlorn to his castle and pass,
Till weary and worn he reclined on the grass.

Bewildered in thought and with sorrow oppressed,
With no comfort near to afford his soul rest;
Till seeking repose in his banqueting room,
He recalled to his mind her life and her doom.

* Nonneuworth is a small island on the Rhine with the
ruins of that once famed convent.

Next morn he beheld from the heights where he
stood,

The grief-stricken nuns, by that maiden so good,
They wept as they sung by her bier at the grave,
A requiem for her whom no one could save.

So passed from his sight that loved maiden so dear,
The gem he most prized while tarrying here.
So weary with care and so tired of life,
Again he returned to the war and its strife.

And Rowlandseck's Pile was ne'er greeted again
By its chief and near kin of the great †Charlemagne;
Now only one arch of his castle remains,
A relic of his amid vine cultured plains.

THE FIRST SUNSET TO HUMAN VISION.

On Eden's flowery plains there stood
The God created sire of men,
Who gifted with unsullied light
Traced all the spots within his ken.

A world of wonder lay around,
With gorgeous flowers of every hue,
All Nature seemed to teem with bliss
That came within his circling view.

† Rowland was the nephew of the celebrated Charlemagne.

Now far above with wondrous power
There shone an Orb, with dazzling light,
Life-giving to those scenes around,
But too severe for human sight.

Amazed he stood, when night came on,
To find that o'er the Western sky
This object of celestial light
Touched all below with golden dye.

Fair Eden looked more lovely still,
As roseate shades tip'd flower and field,
And hill and dale and rippling stream,
A sight of Heaven to him revealed.

But darkness came o'er all the earth
When that great light pass'd from his view,
And fear stole o'er his stricken mind,
'Till he stood bathed with evening dew.

Then on that strange and solemn hour
He bowed his head in silent prayer,
To Him who caused that wondrous light
From human eyes to disappear.

Refreshed with worship to his God,
And strengthened with his Maker's love,
Again he looked with anxious thought
To all those glittering lights above.

And all along the vaulted sky
A thousand beauties shone so bright,
Which filled his rapturous soul with joy
From those bedazzling gems of night.

Creation's glories poured their sheen
Down from the darkened midnight sky,
When, to his now bewildered mind,
He saw them sweetly shine on high.

"Great God," he cried, "are these Thy works?
Which Thou hast with such wisdom made,
The shining Orb that gilds the day,
To warm the earth and rear the blade.

The starry world and that pale light
Which throws such shadows o'er the scene,
With silent awe I pace the night
And wonder what those glories mean.

Here in this vale of flower and glade
I gaze bewildered and alone,
And watch the glories Thou hast made
Like those that are around Thy throne."

Thus through the hours of that first night
He watched the heavens and marvel'd long,
'Till twilight came with gentle step
And faded all the heavenly throng.

His watchful eye o'er Eastern hills
 Beheld the Monarch of the Day
 With glory gild each lofty mount
 As he in beauty sped his way.

The calm soft clouds like snow-cap'd hills,
 In varied forms of fancy grew,
 And golden tints from that great globe
 On all around a glory threw.

The chilly dews rose on the breeze,
 Which left a pearl on each lone leaf,
 And warbled notes from songsters sweet
 Made all the hours of night so brief.

A VISIT TO TINTERN ABBEY.

ON THE WYE, GLOUCESTER.

O lovely spot, what artist's skill
 Can with this charming spot compare
 He might with tints the canvas fill,
 But it would pale in dimness there.

Beyond the placid stream which flows
 So tranquil by the meadow's brink,
 Where many an oak in glory grows
 And many a red deer skips to drink;

Mid verdant hills and lonely dells
 Where heather grows so sweet and free,—
 Where roses and the bright blue bells
 In all their pristine glories be ;

There Tintern in the distance stands
 Mid scenes which envied monks had sketched,
 The fairest spot of fairy lands
 Where beauty all around is stretched.

Yon woodman on the sloping hill,
 Whose waggon, and the waiting team,
 Seem ready at the driver's will
 To carry off the fallen beam.

The river crafts in stillness glide
 Upon thy bosom, placid "Wye,"
 They gently breast the flowing tide,
 While others calm at anchor lie.

High mountains round thy ruins rise
 With verdure like some fairy queen,
 So welcome to a poet's eyes,
 Where beauty all around is seen.

The wind cliffs in a rugged form
 Tower up beyond thy sacred fane,
 As if to shelter from the storm,
 Those precious ruins in the plain.

The fleecy flocks 'mid meadows mild
 Lie basking in the sun-lit beam
 While fleecy clouds above are piled,—
 And mirror'd in the pearly stream.

Fair nature in her golden garb
 Is spread in rich profusion round,—
 The flowery fields,—the precious herb,
 In all their varied kinds abound.

But monks no more thy valleys tread,
 No vespers from their abbey rise,
 Yet pilgrim flocks are thither led,
 To gaze with wonder and surprise.

GENERAL STEWART.

Over the sterile desert
 And over the burning sand,
 The bravest sons of Britain
 Were led by Stewart's hand.

Sir Garnet chose his man,
 To boldly dare and do ;
 To reach Metammeh's forts,
 Then pass to Kharoutm through.

Brave Stewart bowed his head,
And with submissive will
Call'd forth his noble band
Their duties to fulfil.

Equipped his soldiers went,
With tars as brave as they ;
O'er many a weary mile
They kept their wending way.

Bold Stewart was their friend,
Their noble chief and guide,
To give their friends relief,
Whatever might betide.

Egyptia's well trained tribes,
Came madly on in force,
To stay the British lines,
And thwart their onward course.

The bravest of the brave
Fell by their daring foes,
Their foes who seldom swerve,
Though British troops oppose.

Brave Burnaby lay slain
In the fight at Abu Klea,
Than whom no braver man
In British ranks could be.



With sad unsettled mind,
 The nation wildly watched,
 Till Wolseley from Korti,
 The victor's news dispatched.

It came in flashes fast,
 From Egypt's sandy shore,
 Of brave men and of those
 Of whom we'll hear no more,

Who sketched in graphic lines
 The bravery of our troops,
 The pluck those Arabs had
 When they rushed in fiery groups.

'Twas here in conflict fierce
 Brave Stewart wounded lay,
 Though victory he had gained
 Amidst that bloody fray.

Would that the time had come
 When swords would cause no tears ;
 When pruning hooks and ploughs
 Were beat from swords and spears.



THE FOLLOWING SKETCH IS BY THE PROPRIETOR OF
THE "NORTHERN ECHO":—

MR. JOHN HORSLEY, OF DARLINGTON.

The author of the preceding verses, Mr. John Horsley, of Darlington, whose name has become familiar to our readers, and associated with many favours, is a native of Newcastle. He has been for upwards of fifty years a resident in the Quaker town, for which he has a peculiar liking, and for which his townsmen have given him the title of the Darlington Poet. Mr. Horsley has written and published many fugitive pieces, subsequently collected in two volumes of poems, entitled respectively "Stray Leaves by the Banks of the Tees," and "The Royal Rose." Her Majesty the Queen sent Mr. Horsley a gracious letter thanking him for one of his lyrics relative to a touching incident in Her Majesty's life. He has had similar letters not a few. Sir Bartle Frere, the Marquis of Ripon, Sir H. Havelock-Allan, and Mr. Gladstone, are among those who have paid tribute to his muse. His passion for the beautiful in nature has led Mr. Horsley to the habits of a soujourner through some of the choicest scenes of this and other lands. He has strolled through some of the most celebrated scenes in Holland, Belgium, and Germany. With the far-famed and picturesque attractions of the Rhine he is familiar. The melancholy plain of Waterloo is a picture in his memory. "Erin's

lovely isle," from the Giant's Causeway to the Lakes of Killarney; Scott's "land of the mountain and the flood," from far Loch Awe to Solway, are familiar to his eye and mind. But it is not merely as a poet Mr. Horsley is known by his numerous friends. He is active, diligent and versatile. He has taken great interest in Sunday Schools, having been fifty years a teacher and officer, and for twenty years Vice-President of the Darlington Sunday School Union. In the Temperance cause he has been an active worker, and since he joined the Society, forty-six years ago, has spent much time in the advocacy of its principles. For nearly thirty years he has been one of the Vice-Presidents of the Temperance Society, and along with the late Mr. E. Pease, was made one of the Vice-Presidents of the United Kingdom Alliance. For twenty-five years he has been on the Committee of the Darlington Mechanics' Institute. The Sailors' Orphans have ever found in him a friend, he having for twenty-four years acted as the Honorary Secretary for Darlington in connection with the Port of Hull Sailors' Orphanage. He has written and published many Essays, one on Juvenile Crime, others on Poets and Poetry, Science and History, and A Three Days' Tour into Scotland, besides contributing frequently to the daily and weekly Press. His poems were favourably reviewed by the North Country Press.

GOOD NIGHT.

"Tis pleasant as you're passing home,
 When stars are shining bright,
 To hear a voice in kindness say
 "Good-night there, friend, good-night."

When eve's fair queen with beams shines out,
 In soft and silver light,
 You hearken to some lov'd ones voice
 "Good-night, my friend, good-night."

When Autumn leaves are falling fast,
 And dance as with delight,
 You feel as if the road grows short
 When some one says "good-night."

And when the Winter snow falls fast,
 With sad, depressing weight,
 You're cheered as you may wander home,
 When you hear said, "good-night."

Betimes we may not know the form
 That passes on our right,
 Yet soon make out the voice that says
 "Good-night to you, good-night."

When on his guard the soldier treads
 His measured ground so light,
 He answers back his comrade's words,
 "Good-night there, guard, good-night."



When clouds creep o'er the Summer sky,
 When comes the dim twilight,
 You listen to the passer by
 With his endeared "good-night."

When lovers leave their gentle maids,
 With eyes that sparkle bright,
 They in soft tones, in sweetness say,
 "Good-night, sweetheart, good-night."

The sailor in his midnight watch,
 On board his ship so tight,
 While sailors in the passing barque,
 "Yeo-oh, there mate," good-night."

The school-boy, with his satchel slung
 Upon his back so light,
 Just after play, with mirthful glee,
 Will bid his chums "good-night."

When mothers take their young to bed,
 And kiss their cheeks so bright,
 Their little ears hark to the words,
 "Good-night, my dears, good-night."

Some say farewells when they go home,
 With emphasising weight;
 But we prefer the good old phrase,
 "Good-night, my friend, good-night."

"Tis English like, all love the sound,
 It helps to make life bright,
 When from the merry lips you hear
 An Englishman's "good-night."

DARLINGTON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I stood on Bank Top when meadows were green,
 Where little but Cuthbert's tall spire was seen—
 With far in the distance, an old-fashioned shop,
 And the old Town Hall, with its cupola top,
 Where magnates arraign, and condemn those who
 sup
 To regions below,—or rather lock-up.
 No North-Eastern then had its trains to annoy
 The dairyman's horse, or the passive ploughboy,
 He would whistle away ne'er troubling his brain
 About whistles that scream from the passenger train;
 Victoria Road, and the streets that stand round,
 In his path from the plough could never be found.
 No Station, replete, with an Engineer's skill
 Will e'er surpass that on Victoria Hill;
 And the Park by the Skerne, with its walks and its
 ways,
 Ne'er entered his mind in those slow going-days;
 The Church of St. John's, with sweet sounding bells,
 Stands now where the guide post told to Middleton
 Wells,

And Eastbourne so trim, with its dwellings and land,

Was the place where the ploughboy's courtship was plan'd;

Yes, that was the spot for sweet meadows and trees,
When soft breezes blew from the western leas,
No one then e'er dreamt of dwellings being reared,
Or that hedgerows and trees around should be cleared,—

That cowslips and violets should ever give way,
And be to the builders a spoil and a prey.

No Forge 'mid the fields, no smoke from the Hill,
Save that which arose from the old Priestgate Mill.

The serpentine Skerne roll'd its waters along
By Clay Row and Parkgate, in winter so strong,
But dwellers in houses ne'er felt once the worse.
As it spread over fields in its wild winter course,
For few could be seen where now crowded ones stand

By the banks of the Skerne and low lying land.
Now, tall smoking chimneys stand up everywhere,
With cloud-curling smoke high up in the air,
And the sparks from the Works, and hum from the Mills,

With pleasure and joy the workman's heart fills.
The Press, like a seed, lay slumbering and low,
Awaiting some power to give it a blow,
No *Echo* flashed out in its keen stirring way,

To light up the mind in this progressive day ;
 No *North Star* or *Times* gave news to the North,
 (For light from the press had not glimmered forth).
 No Central Hall, no learn'd Institute
 To give to the town a Classic repute ;
 No Corporate Staff with a Mayor at its head,
 Who by the Mace-bearer in dignity's led ;
 No honoured M.P., with grace and renown,
 Then sat in the House, from this famed southern
 Town.

Now, treasures of knowledge in College and School
 Are everywhere found to be the grand rule ;
 Fair maidens are train'd to enlighten this age,
 And give it a lustre in history's page,
 And the grand Grammar School, where learned
 Masters train

Aspiring youth, with rich food for the brain,
 And a Library, free, where knowledge is stored
 For an artizan's mind or the brain of a lord ;
 And places close by for true worship or prayer,
 In this grand old Town are found everywhere ;
 'Twas here in days past, when through its lone vale,
 The Passenger Coach ran first on the Rail,
 A model for those in each country and clime
 To traverse with speed through the boundries of
 time.



THE CHILDREN'S SMILE.

I love to see the children's smile
As it plays on the face,
Tis like a ray that comes awhile
To brighten some lone place.

Their eyes shine out with joy serene
From hearts at once sincere ;
Their smiles, sweet mental pleasures mean
For other hearts to cheer.

They laugh because they feel so glad,
And lovesome ones are they ;
They banish all that's sore or sad,
As on the face they play.

The blooming flowers that deck the dell
Are types of childhood's life,
So pleasing, and so sweet as well,
So void of mortal strife.

No blossoms look more sweet than they,
When Spring with beauty shines ;
Their merry souls are bright as May,
With all their laughing lines.

From churly souls they shrink away,
Who bear no sweet incense,
But freeze the muscles that would play,
With smiles, to recompense.

They have no hate, they have no guile,
 Their hearts are free as air ;
 'Tis pleasant then, to see them smile,
 When other smiles they share.

How sad that there should ever be
 One cause to check a smile,
 When joys to such a large degree
 Their winsome hearts beguile.

Yet in this world of care and toil,
 There often comes a spot
 That makes their merry hearts recoil,
 In life's e'er changing lot.

The Father fashioned all things right
 In this great world He made ;
 The tinted rose, the stars so bright,
 The green and gladsome glade.

Then let them smile long as they may ;
 Ne'er crush their merry laugh ;
 'Twill be a star to guide the way,
 A pilgrim's steady staff.



“SHY.”

A PICTURE BY L. A. TADEMA, R.A.

Apollo watched a Grecian maid,
Who sat beneath a sombre shade :
Her eyes were like the stars of night
When they shine out with dazzling light ;
Her lips were like the ruddy morn,
No fairer face could they adorn,
Reposing there, with looks serene,
The picture of a classic queen.
No form cut out with artist's skill
Could nearer come the artist's will.
Her tresses shone like gems of jet,
Her teeth like pearls in diamonds set ;
While on her sweet and graceful face
The love thoughts of her heart had place.
Eustacia came with roses sweet
To place them at the maiden's feet,
With tokens from a heart sincere
To one who sat in silence near.
No choicer gift could he present,
As by her side he gently bent.
They spoke of sweetness and of love
That in his passioned soul could move ;
They spoke of hope, entrancing kind,
The gods of Greece alone could find.
And there she sat, both sweet and meek,

With blushes on her youthful cheek,
 Till she beheld his trembling hand
 Held out, which he in secret plann'd,
 With flowers, the sweetest Greece could rear,
 To offer them to one so dear.
 The gift o'ercame her anxious mind,
 With which she tried his faith to blind ;
 Then held her hand to shade the eye,
 Because this Grecian maid was shy.
 And so has many a maiden felt,
 When in her heart some mystery dwelt ;
 She'd turn and think how strange the power
 That thus concealed a tinted flower,
 Then feel as if she fain would die,
 Which only showed the maid was shy.

EASTER TIME.

Hail, joyous time that comes to cheer
 The breast of every loving heart,
 Like flowers of Spring just growing near,
 A thousand blessings to impart,
 When winter storms have pass'd away
 And all the vale looks bright and gay.

Dark clouds had gathered thick and fast
 Round Juda's sweet and sunlit smile,
 When deeds that darkened all the past



In fierce Tiberius' ruling time,
 When all the world in sadness lay
 Rock-bound without the light of day.

A star shone out with dazzling light,
 With lumined hope around the whole,
 Its brightness dashed aside the night,
 And gladdened every human soul :
 It still shines on with rays refined
 To gladden all of human kind.

Where'er is human suffering found,
 On all the spots of this wide world,
 Its influence will with powers redound,
 And with its peaceful flag unfurled,
 Will give to mortal life and deeds
 The bliss our human nature needs.

This power that works in human minds
 Will shine through avenues of light
 And tangled woods where mystery blinds,
 To solace with its rays so bright ;
 And peace will be where once was strife
 To gladden all of human life.

When Church bells sound at Eastertide,
 And mortals cease their toils and care,
 To join with thanks to Him who died

That they His richest boons may share ;
How great the joys that round us stand
'That teem within this English land.

ST. HILDA'S CHURCH.

ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

Beneath the shadow of the spire
Of good St. Cuthbert's fane,
Whose grand old walls all men admire,
Some field day sure was plain.

A motley group of young and old
In Sabbath clothes attired,
Were gathered in the Shepherd's fold
With holy incense fired.

Dissenters in their presence stood
To watch the work proceed,
All thought the thing must sure be good
And so it was indeed.

A Churchman with a trowel bright
Stood waiting there awhile,
As if he'd build the Church outright
And then the roof he'd tile.



Another one, famed for dissent,
 Produced a mallet, grand,
 While each one stood with good intent
 To show a workman's hand.

There stood within the gothic porch
 A man of high degree,
 A real scion of the Church,
 Who owned a Bishop's See.

The two who held the tools, so prized,
 Came with a grace, and bowed,
 Now these were not the ones advised,
 For they no toiling features shewed.

'Twas he who wore the mitred crown
 And sleeved in Irish lawn,
 Who laid the stone securely down,
 And proved himself, a man.

The goodly Bishop made it plain
 That he could spread the lime,
 And though his See might wax and wane,
 His work would stand through time.

Then came the choir in surplice weeds
 As if they felt the cold,
 Or like the time of Romish deeds—
 In Popish days of old.

And there they sung with music sweet
 To celebrate the day,
 When Dunelm laid the stone so neat
 In such a skilful way.

Some folks who watched the weather cock
 On Cuthbert's spiral head,
 Might think that he had got a shock
 And would to ruptures lead.

It is not long since he came down,
 Among the tombs below,
 And though he gave an awful frown
 He could not even crow.

And you Dissenters, do not fret,
 Though you may never find
 Old maidens, with a purse, to get
 The gold with which it's lined.

The world wants men with holy hearts
 To preach and teach the word,
 It is not ritualistic parts
 That win souls to the Lord.

The poor, the needy, want the light
 To lead their minds to love,
 And all who strive to lead aright
 Will sure their wrongs remove.



Let yours be Catholicism true,
 Whatever be your creed,
 For sin has steeped men's conscience through
 And faithful teachers need.

And places more, wherein to meet,
 To worship with a will,
 To bow before the mercy seat
 Where grace, like dews, distil.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

A prince of thought hath passed from us
 To mix with those for ever gone,
 And British hearts in sadness mourn
 The loss of such a gifted one.

The glowing light which shone so bright
 In his once young and fruitful mind,
 Such lustre shed o'er thinking men
 That few his equal then could find.

His lofty soul stretched out its wing,
 And soared to giddy heights of thought ;
 He pierced the stores where knowledge lay,
 And gained the wealth he proudly sought.

Undaunted, he aspiring trod
 The path that leads to wealth and fame,
 Which gives to gifted minds a power,
 And leaves behind a noble name.

With knowledge gained from eastern lore,
 And wisdom from the famed of Greece.
 He grasped them with his master-mind,
 And made his wealth of thought increase.

From letters to the lofty height
 Of English rule, he paved his way—
 A bold resolve for English youth
 To imitate his skill to-day.

Dictator, he, with wizard wand
 Ruled with a magic power and might,
 Till Empires felt that ruling hand,
 Upraised to guard the British right.

He led his forces to the charge,
 Where dangers thick around him lay,
 And though defeated by his foe,
 He stood undaunted in the fray.

True Liberal; knew the foe they fought,
 Which made them all the nobler feel ;
 The hand that held the piercing dart
 Was one most worthy of their steel.



His polished wit and satire too,
 Was keen and sore when it was dealt ;
 And those on whom the blow was aim'd
 His cutting edge of satire felt.

The class he led has lost a friend,
 Which noble birth will fail to fill,
 For such was his unflinching mind,
 And such was his undaunted will.

From stroke of pen, to stroke of State,
 He rose to wear a diadem ;
 Then honour to the man who strove
 'To gain the prize of such a gem.

We'll let him rest within the grave,
 Beside that noble wife he loved ;
 And think that, as a Briton, he
 Was ever with their interests moved.

ON THE DARLINGTON POLICEMEN'S
 FESTIVAL,

HELD IN THE TREVELYAN HOTEL, MARCH 27TH, 1832,
 THE MAYOR (MR. G. ELWIN), PRESIDING.

The guards of the town came down in grand style,
 Like soldiers on march, in true rank and file ;
 Their heads were erect, and their feet beat in time,
 Like the notes of St. Cuthbert's once-going chime.

They marched by the Post, and they marched by
the Tower,

When the Bell sounded five—aye, that was the hour;
And still they marched on to the spacious Hotel,
The best in the north, where its comforts excel.

The chief of the force gave his final command
For the troopers on march to instantly stand,
And steady as those who with rifles stand by,
Were ready to feed, or were ready to die.

They advanced up the steps like sons of a lord,
When each gallant trooper saluted the guard;
Then they sat down in style, by maidens so fair,
To the tables that groaned with dainties so rare.

How they smiled as they quaff'd, 'twas glorious to
see

How they drank from the cups of well-seasoned tea;
The chickens and ham, and the tongues and the
beef,

Were successfully despatched and soon came to
grief.

Then songs and sweet glees, as the Chairman
thought right,

With speeches, were next on the board for the night,
While the Magistrates round, who sat on the Bench,
Declared that the men were a match for the French.

The Mayor, who sat by, with a twinkle of wit.
Just tickled his chin with his finger a bit,
And a nod of his head, which seemed just to say,
I'm the proudest of men this festival day.

I remember the time—I remember it well,
When this old Quaker town, with its gingerbread
cell,
Had two aged guardsmen to watch it by night,
Who, if rows they had seen, would bolt out of sight.

But now we've the men, with a pluck and a will,
Who'd collar a fellow for disturbing a till ;
And if one is drunk, he'll just kindly say,
Go home to your wife or five bob you must pay.

Now you'll never see those—the young ones I
mean—
Caressing the maids when on duty they've been ;
They may give a sly glance, or just a sweet smile,
But they march on their beat in dutiful style.

Like the tick of a clock you may hear their firm
beat,
But woe to the thief if he makes a retreat ;
Like a hound on a hare, or a cat on its prey,
The officer lands him to cells far away.

They surround us by day, they guard us by night,
 They'll help a friend home if he gets rather tight ;
 But woe to the fool who brawls drunk in the street,
 He'll lodge him quite safe in a bedroom so neat.

With hard boards to lie on, and no change of clothes,
 And only a wrapper to cover his toes ;
 And when he awakes from his slumbers so sweet,
 He is asked to partake of a teetotal treat.

On dark nights he's found keeping watch by the
 way,
 When the weary do rest from toils of the day ;
 And when the keen winds in their bitterness blow,
 He paces the streets though they're covered with
 snow.

And Bowman and Scott and the Sergeants of note,
 With others who nobly for honours have fought ;
 And Rogers, the true one, of fame and renown,
 The chief of the staff who guards the old town.

We hail them to-night with a right ringing cheer,
 And give to each trooper a true welcome here ;
 And their dutiful wives, we hail them with glee,
 With the maids that sit by, who will wives shortly be.



THE GLORIES OF OUR ENGLISH
LAKES.

I love, in my rambles o'er this favoured land,
To stroll where the hills in their majesty stand,
To glide on its lakes where the mountains rise high
Like temples that tower towards the blue sky ;
No lands where I've been with more beauties can
 shine

Than those which adorn this dear land of mine.

I've wandered by hills on the far famèd Rhine,
And seen the rich crops of the clustering vine ;
I've strayed by the shores where brave heroes have
 bled,
Where conquering hosts, renowned leaders, have led ;
But the land of fair lakes, of mountains and dales,
Can ne'er be surpassed where'er a ship sails.

How sweet are the scenes that encircle its lakes,
What thrills of delight in the heart it awakes,
When we look on Skiddaw, so bold, standing near,
With Derwent and Basenthwaite waters so clear,
While Catbells and mountains of minor degree
O'ershadow the lakes where their glories all be.

From the crown Castle hill what beauties I trace
When the sun shines down on the lakes' glassy face,
The famed Friars' Crag and the wilds of Lodore

With Borrowdale Hills peering out evermore,
And paths leading on to the Lake Buttermere,
By Honisber's Head, with its passes so drear.

Beyond the vast range of the moor and the fell,
Where the untamed birds in their solitudes dwell,
Where cataract streams, in their fury roll down
O'er rock and o'er crag by the dark mountain's
frown ;

Yes, there 'mid the passes and lone limpid lakes
The soul in its wonder at once thus awakes.

How sweet in the moonlight to stray by the lake,
Or through the lone dales in the spring time to
rake ;

To gather wild flowers and ferns by the way,
That sparkle in dells like the sun's rays in May,
I could live here and love near passes so wild,
A real devotee, and of nature a child.

For I see in the mounts, the lakes and the dales
A Designer for good, who never once fails,
Who strews on life's pathway bright gems to adorn
Man's way thro' it all, or where'er he may turn,
We would that all minds might share in the store,
The glories that reign in this earth evermore.



ON THE OPENING OF THE DARLINGTON
FREE LIBRARY.

THE GIFT OF EDWARD PEASE, ESQ.
OPENED BY VISCOUNTESS LYMINGTON. DESIGNED BY
G. G. HOSKINS, F.R.I.B.A. J. B. HODGKIN, MAYOR.

In days of old when Greece stood forth,
The glory of the polished world,
Where Art and Science claimed a birth
As she her flag of fame unfurl'd,
Fair temples in her midst arose,
Where now in peace her sons repose.

So now in this old Saxon age,
Where Briton's sons in learning vie,
To share with them in history's page
An honest truth that ne'er will die,
And with a Homer's lyre well strung
Her power in song will long be sung.

How blest the nation that contrives
To gain the light fair knowledge gives,
To grasp the thoughts of great men's lives,
And be a power long as it lives,
For knowledge is a weapon strong.
To wield o'er minds the ages long.

To-day the people raise their voice
In one united, loud acclaim,
And in their hearts they all rejoice

In honour of a favoured name—

That friend whose voice in silence lies,
And yet with deeds of kindness vies.

'Twas his delight, while tarrying here,
To find man's intellect expand,
To grasp with thoughtful brain and clear
The forces Science had in hand,
That educated minds might find
The fruit that stores the cultured mind.

The earth moves on, though mortals die,
Yet they are missed, whose lives were true ;
And though not seen by human eye,
Their treasured love is ever new ;
“ To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die ” to human kind.

It is not gold or honours great
That make a mortal mind content ;
It is not fame that can create
A joy, howe'er the will is bent ;
It is the intellect adorn'd
With wisdom from the books well learned.

May this fair temple long remain
A monument of his pure mind—
Who through life's links did well sustain



A noble one, with peace inclined,
 May Darlington, in high degrees,
 Respect the name of EDWARD PEASE

Elaborate in Artistic skill,
 It stands—a model of its kind—
 Chaste as the flowers, where dews distil
 Their drops, so copious, and unconfined,
 That every spot a beauty seems,
 When o'er each part the sunlight gleams.

Within its walls, the searching mind
 Of those who long for treasured lore,
 Will on its shelves a treasure find,
 Both deep in thought and rich in store,
 That will to youth a halo shed,
 Bright as the stars above the head.

The poets, who with eagle eye
 Have climed Parnassus' height,
 And men who pierced where mysteries lie,
 Disclosing them to human sight,
 These sure will aid the grasping mind
 To share the light they left behind.

Long may this noted Railway Town,
 With light of literature stream forth,
 And shine, a beacon of renown
 Around this city of the north,
 Where first the Railways took their rise,
 And now are spread beneath all skies.

THE POET'S PET TREE.

ELTON-PARADE, DARLINGTON.

I've sat 'neath thy shade when summer suns set,
 When gold streams of light in the azure sky met,
 When shades of the night came creeping along,
 And the lark with clear notes sang his evening song.
 Yes, that was the time for the soul to commune
 With birds on the wing in melodious tune.

I've stood 'neath thy boughs in the moonlight time
 When the bell at St. Clair's rung its nocturnal chime,
 When fleecy clouds moved, like snow cliffs along,
 And the nightingale warbled its evening song.
 O then was the time for the muse to unfold
 The rapturous thoughts that through the mind roll'd.

I've stood by its side when Orion on high
 Peered out in his might in the ebonized sky,
 When Venus the fair with silver-stream'd light
 Shone gorgeously gay in the star-spangled night.
 How sweet was that hour to see them pass by
 Those wonders above, those gems of the sky.

I've stood when 'twas stripp'd of its verdure so green,
 And snow-covered hills in the distance were seen,
 When hoar frosts enshrouded each tremulous bough,



And landscapes around wore their mantles of snow.
Then I watched the shy hare and the sly, cunning
fox,

As they bounded o'er hills by the tree's hoary locks.

I've stood near thy boughs when children with glee,
Gambolled cheerily around this broad spreading tree.
How light were their hearts, how free from life's
cares,

As they merrily played with frolicsome airs ;
Then I thought of the days when I was as gay,
And near other trees would as merrily play.

The tree will stand long, if no grudging mind,
With destructive powers, will ere be inclined,
To cut down its trunk and scatter its boughs,
Where now in its beauty, and glory it grows.
O, long may it stand, and pleasure still be,
Thou pet of the Poet, thou noble old tree.

Other forms may stand by thy verdant shade,
Thou beautiful tree, at the Elton Parade.
And when the sun sets with bright glowing sheen,
They'll think of the Poet, where he's often been ;
And, perchance, if he's gone from the spot now so
dear,
They'll think of his form still hovering near.



THE THATCHED COTTAGE.

I strolled down a lane by fresh meadows so green,
Where a brook roll'd its waters of crystal between ;
A scene where a poet in sweetness might dwell,
For nature reigned here, where her glories excel.
The wide sky above, in its azure-draped shades,
And sun rays that shone on the green tinted blades.
By the sides of the stream, the blue bell and fern
Were there in profusion, the spot to adorn.
And a calm seemed to reign in this hallowed place,
For round its green walk nought but beauty you'd
trace ;
On a high winding path a cottage stood by,
So simple in style, yet so fair to the eye.
And before it grew up the sweetest of flowers,
The woodbine and rose were entwined in its
bowers,
And the lilies grew there so sweet and so fair,
The joy of the young ones who cultured with care.
The children who dwell in this cottage so neat,
Like the flowers they cull'd, were simple, yet sweet;
And when play time was done, and evenings were
dim,
They sang with such pleasure their evening hymn.
Long years roll'd away and I strolled once again
O'er the carpeted green and then by the lane ;
I went to the cot where the flowers were reared,

And saw the old folks whom their children revered.
I thought of the young ones, and the grey-headed
sire,

For there he stood up with back to the fire,
And singing a hymn, which his children, he taught.
But Oh ! what a change in his visage was wrought,
His loved ones had gone to a far distant shore,
Mid strangers they lived, and he'd ne'er see them
more,

But he thought of them still, as they did the cot,
Where they pass'd their young life, that will ne'er
be forgot,

The mother still knits in her favoured arm chair,
While the sire looks on with his fond loving care,
But the flowers that grew in such beauty around,
Have pass'd from the cot, and can nowhere be
found.

THE STORM KING.

He came with a dark and leaden load,
In a furious form from his abode ;
He sat in state on his ebon throne,
And ruled as a despot there alone.
December days, with their gloomy nights,
Had set over valleys and mountain heights ;
The bloom had gone from the stocked flower beds,
And nature shrunk to its sterile sheds ;

The new moon lay in its crescent form
Portentious of the approaching storm ;
The Storm King rode on the passing gale
Until hearts were sad, and faces pale ;
And dashing along like a war-stung horse,
O'er lake and lea with a demon's force,
He wrecked fair homes where cotters dwell,
Nor cared for shrieks where loved homes fell.
He grasped the oak like a sapling tree,
And dashed it down where the wild birds be ;
And on he went with a fiercer pow'r,
Until torrent streams rushed wildly o'er.
Then valleys fill'd with the blighting storm
Till all were changed in their shape and form ;
The drifting snow fill'd the cosy glen,
And covered the haunts of struggling men ;
Still on he rushed, with undaunted sway,
O'er dark-frowning cliffs and sea-washed bay ;
The stormy petrel, on fluttering wing,
Was heard in his wild career to sing,
And the King rejoiced at the storm bird's song,
As it flapp'd its wings when it flew along.
Again he raised his withering arm,
Until brave hearts sank with dread alarm ;
For gallant ships from distant lands
Had in safety sail'd from sunny strands,
And now were nearing their own loved home,
Dashing o'er waves with their snow-capped foam,

With sails firm set on their onward track,
Dear ones to greet on their voyaging back.
But the Storm King lashed the wild North Sea,
And bold men strove their vessels to free ;
They clung with hope their ships to save,
And struggled to 'scape the seaman's grave.
And others paced their clean swept decks,
Fearing their barques might soon be wrecks :
He saw the tempest raging round,
Smashing off masts from ships home bound,
Men at their wits, sought in vain relief,
However great their sorrow and grief ;
But the storm-toss'd deep would madly crave
To bury the lost in its ocean grave.
He stayed awhile his direful sway—
Saw wrecked ones lie in the storm toss'd bay,
With lone ones left their loss to mourn,
Who from cherished homes had thus been torn.
And when morrow dawned in glad array,
With bright sunlight o'er cliff and bay,
Vast wrecks were piled in a scattered form,
Dashed on the beach by that cruel storm ;
And waves swept in over forms once bold
With a mournful dirge as on they roll'd ;
The sky was clear and the King had fled,
Leaving the wrecks and the silent dead.
Will no one care for the sailor's child
Whose father sank 'neath the billows wild ?

Will they who hark to the Christmas chimes,
 Not think of them in their festive times?
 Yes, British hearts will most surely care,
 And will their festive bounties share ;
 For Christmas bells do sweetly tell
 Of the Father—God who loves them well.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER.

Young Spring came in with a smile one day,
 His foot was swift and his face was gay—
 “ I’ll brush up the roads and make them look bright,
 I’m tired of gloom, I long for the light.”
 The children laughed to see him so fair,
 And danced at the thought with a frolicsome air ;
 We’ll gather up flowers and weave him a crown,
 And woe to the foe that topples him down.
 “ Ha ! ha !” said the snow, “ now I claim the right,
 I’ve given the youngsters such endless delight,
 I’ve covered the fields with garments so pure,
 ‘Till they’ve wished me many long days to endure.
 My kindred, too, with wands of an Elf
 Have crisped all the streams as pure as myself ;
 Why should I not reign, then, Monarch of Snow,
 And make Young Spring do my bidding, you
 know.”
 “ Ha ! ha !” said the Spring, “ I’ve a friend up above,

Who Monarchs of Snow will speedily remove ;
He lends me his force, when he's in the mood,
To punish with death all those who intrude.
His arm is so strong, it never can fail
To punish the monarch of Snow, Ice, and Hail."
The Snow King was wroth, and Spring charged to
 fight,
So covered the ground with his garment one night ;
But Spring rose betimes, so warm with his blaze,
And scattered the Snow with his Sun-borrowed
 rays ;
Amazed at the sight, he tried once again,
But soon with the arrows of Spring he was slain.
Now nothing was left but the tears he had shed,
For off to the North he had speedily fled.
So with garlands of flowers, fair as the morn,
The head of bright Spring the young would adorn ;
They gathered the violets, the pink and blue bell,
With thousands of others from lane and from dell,
While meadows so green raised a hearty acclaim,
And praised the Young Spring with so charming a
 name,
While choristers loud and swift on the wing,
Their anthems of joy most sweetly did sing.



LONGFELLOW.

Why do the lilies droop their heads,
And the rosebuds lose their hue?
It is the merry spring time,
With the fresh returning dew.

The bay tree in its beauty,
With its bright green leaves just through,
Seems shrinking from its duty,
As if in its task 'twould rue.

And birds that fly around us,
With their notes in early spring,
Are doleful in their warbles
While they flutter on the wing.

And ocean's waves come dreary
O'er the dark Atlantic sea,
As if they, too, were weary
With the news of death's decree.

The wild winds as they fan us,
Sound strange notes on the lyre,
And the chords that used to charm us
Have no poetic fire.

'Tis thy noble bard, Columba,
Who hath cross'd the narrow sea,
From this changing world of flowers,
To where no change of flowers can be.

His voice we'll hear no longer,
And his harp hangs up unstrung,
Away beyond the prairie
Where his Hiawatha sung.

But his lamp in brightness burneth
With a clear enduring flame,
Like a star in sweetness shining
With his loved endearing name.

Deep footprints he hath left us,
Where a slave may find his way,
From chains of worldly fetters
To the blaze of full noon day.

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis sweet to sit where the hill is steep
And watch the stream where the currents bend,
But 'tis sweeter far to have one peep
At the face of a long lost absent friend.

'Tis sweet to watch merry reapers reap
The golden grain on the well-tilled land,
But sweeter far 'tis to have a peep
At a friend, and grasp his loving hand.

Old time rolls on like the ocean waves,
 With cares untold, to the rock-bound strand,
 But sweet the thought when the lone heart craves
 To meet fast friends from some distant land.

To talk of times when their hearts were young,
 And the cares of life were light and few,
 When they kindly met and carols sung
 On star-lit nights, 'mid the sparkling dew.

Now, some have gone to the spirit land,
 And some are left with their locks so grey,
 And some have lost what in youth they plann'd,
 And some are in distant lands away.

And some have met though long years have rolled,
 And the sands of time have been falling fast,
 While time on each face a tale has told
 Of changes as through life they have passed.

They may no more on each other peep,
 Or hold converse in life's journey through,
 But memory will in the distance reap
 The joy they've had as the moments flew.

So farewells they'll say as each one parts,
 It may be ne'er on each face to smile,
 But live as friends in each other's hearts,
 Though far apart from this English Isle.

And the fact that each in life has been
True as the stars that above them shine ;
No jars have come in the years between
To make life sad or for deeds repine.

WHAT IS LIFE.

How strange is that mysterious force
We mortals here below call life—
What mortal ever probed its source,
Or solved it's cause through Time's long strife ?

E'er since the world's young childhood was,
Men famed with scientific skill,
Have deeply dug to find the cause
That makes a thought, a force, a will.

The power that formed the types that be
Of lowest life, in cisterns clear,
Unaided help can never see,
Yet still they live in myriads near.

The seed that lives enshrouded deep
Within the confines of a cell,
Awakes to life from dormant sleep,
As Spring dews round those seedlings swell.

No Huxley, though with mind sublime,
 Can solve the problem of life's law—
 It is a height they cannot climb,
 And far too deep from which to draw.

A Darwin tried to lift the veil,
 To show how man had reached his state;
 But in life's laws he seemed to fail,
 Though furnished with a mind so great.

And philosophic minds in turn,
 Have press'd their thoughts to find the cause
 Which makes the light of life's lamps burn,
 Kept up in life's unfailing laws.

No Poet, though with subtle thought,
 Or psychologic essence famed,
 Has pierced the shrine, with magic wrought,
 And found out life, howe'er well claimed.

He says "Life is a splendid shell,
 Thrown up by life's eternal flow,
 A time on earth's quicksands to dwell,
 And briefly all its beauties show."

'Tis God alone who lights up stars,
 And flames the earth with sunlit beams,
 Who penetrates life's mystic bars,
 Which man but in fond fancy dreams.



'Tis He alone, with His wise power,
Who only, doth the mysteries know,
What life is in the fragrant flower,
Or that which makes life's blood to flow.

I'VE SEEN THE HAWTHORN BLOOM AGAIN.

I've seen the blossoms come again,
And green leaves on the hawthorn tree;
Sweet Spring has brought them o'er the plain,
And now once more the air is free.

In younger days I saw them smile,
When winter scenes had come and gone—
How they would cheer my heart the while,
As I through longer days marched on.

I watched them when the Autumn breeze
Swept o'er their foliage, bright and green;
They trembled like the aspen trees,
And looked as if they'd never been.

I saw their branches white with snow,
And hoar frost cover up the whole—
Then sadness o'er my mind would flow,
As nature's changes o'er them stole.

I've seen the children joyous leap,
 And high lift up the outstretched hand
 To gain the fruit, a store to keep,
 And share it with their mirthful band.

They'd listen to the blackbird's song,
 That warbled in the hedgerows near,
 For each young heart, with vigour strong,
 Felt Spring-time was to him most dear.

How joyful were those early days
 To one who now, with locks full grey,
 Looks back on all his childhood ways,
 As he with hawthorn leaves would play.

And as the years kept rolling on,
 And hawthorn leaves would come and go,
 He'd say, "shall I again look on
 The buds that on the hedges grow?"

Time was when other eyes looked on
 The bloom upon those very trees ;
 But they, like green leaves, too, have gone,
 With storms that swept across their leas.



TO SIR J. W. PEASE, BART., M.P.

ON HIS KNIGHTHOOD.

To thee, the chosen of this shire,
Who Liberal battles oft hath won ;
Who, with a patriot's fervid fire,
Hath many a noble action done.

To thee a tribute we present
For honours which thy worth has gain'd,
Conferred by Her whose high consent
For faithful duties was obtained.

Thy noble sire, in days gone by,
Had won from all a favoured name,
And you, the son, with prestige high,
Have added to that lasting fame.

There was no good the country sought
But you were foremost in the field,
And strove with true enlightened thought,
The cause of truth with grace to shield.

That honoured name was first to plan
The railroad with its mighty power,
Yielding a hope that plodding man
Fresh fields of commerce might secure,

And nations far beyond the seas,
 Where'er an iron rail is laid,
 True honours to the name of Pease
 Will for their worthy deeds be paid.

And so to-day this knight so true,
 Who strove with men of great renown
 To bring great measures safely through,
 Hath gain'd for him the laurel crown.

New laws that dawn'd like morning light,
 As it on mountain top is seen,
 Dispensing clouds that shroud the night
 From out the vale where they had been.

The freedom dear to every one
 Who loves his country and his kind,
 Will honour both the sire and son,
 Where'er a noble heart we find.

Their hands were ever open wide
 To give to Common Culture aid,
 And in its cause they took a pride
 To help where struggling need was made.

We laud with pride that honoured name
 South Durham men so truly prize,
 And trust his honour and his fame
 May long around his pathway rise.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Old England, yes, Old England,
 Shall raise her voice in praise of Thee,
 And Nations far shall hoist their flags
 In honour of Thy Jubilee.

Thy Crown of Jewels, Britain's Queen,
 Shines forth among the nations far,
 Like Sirius with its piercing light,
 She shines as fair as that bright star.

Among the famed of ancient Queens
 Loved Sheba's Queen might envy thee,
 Though she could boast of Ophir's gold,
 More honoured she could never be.

Men sung her praise in years gone by,
 When she, so young, the sceptre bore,
 And though long years have pass'd away
 Untarnished is the Crown she wore.

Dark clouds betimes have dim'd the path,
 When those she loved have pass'd away,
 Then words of comfort she would give,
 And honour to their memory pay.

Her loving heart would bear its share
 For prince or peasant when cast down,
 And sympathise with sorrow deep,
 Though wearing the Imperial Crown.

For soldiers in fierce battle slain,
 Or sailors wreck'd on some wild reef,
 Or men entomb'd in some dread mine,
 For those her heart would bleed with grief.

When freedom burst the fettered bonds
 That firmly bound the negro's chain,
 She joined the nation in its prayers
 That slavery ne'er might be again.

The sunny climes by India's strand,
 Where people dwell in her domains,
 Shall echo with their loud acclaims
 Of her who o'er the nation reigns.

And others in far distant climes,
 Where dwells the offspring of a race,
 Who gathered flowers in our green lanes,
 Near streams that flow in peace apace.

Some thrones may dazzle with their sheen
 Where monarchs sit with iron will,
 Not so with thine, illustrious Queen,
 'Tis one where peace like dews distil.

When tyrants raved with maddened brain
 To usurp realms they could not claim,
 Men volunteered forthwith to train,
 With Garibaldian will and aim.

One diamond shines with lustre clear
 Amid those brilliant gems around,
 'Tis that which gives the cotter's cheer
 Where learning now its wants have found.

Long may she live in this famed age
 Of science, literature and art,
 A patron of our enterprise
 In which she's borne with grace her part.

Old England and its honoured Queen
 Shall sound in ears with this refrain,
 While glad hearts will unite to sing,
 And "Jubilee" shall be the strain.

Received a Queen's letter in reply.

LEFT ALONE.

The Spring had come in with blossoms and flowers,
 And woodlands look'd gay with sweet vernal showers ;
 All nature looked bright with the rays of the sun,
 For winter had all its wild storm days outfun.

The forests were filled with melodious song,
 And the soft wind blew their warbles along ;
 For birds of bright hues had come once again
 To carol their notes in a sweet dulcet strain.

Fair children sang, too, as they wended their way
 And joined with bright brooks their bubbling lay ;
 And they watched as they pass'd a sweet spot of
 rest

Where a beautiful bird sat near it's lone nest.

Full oft did they come to gaze on the sight
 Of the warbling bird with its eyes shining bright,
 Till one day the nest was silent and void,
 And each child exclaimed, "Is our darling
 destroyed?"

Yes, one lone bird sat on the branch of a tree,
 With murmuring notes seemed to say "Never me ;"
 Despair filled its breast as it watched for its mate,
 And sorrowed as one in the fingers of fate.

The chant sounded solemn as dirge for the dead,
 All pleasures of life being perished and fled ;
 And as the long shadows of night crept along
 No sound could it hear of its gentle mate's song.

Will it ne'er come again, will the Spring pass away ?
 O ! who shall give answer—why doth it delay ?
 Ah, no ! the children found their feathered friend
 dead,
 And beauty and light from its eyes ever fled ;

How the children wept as they gazed on its breast,
 And saw its lone mate stand close by the nest ;
 It could not tell why she was taken away,
 When it sadly sang at the dawn of the day.

And a dirge from the brook as it meandered along
 Made doleful concord with its sad mournful song,
 While with pitiful looks, in grief and despair,
 The bird, thus bereaved, sat in pensiveness there.

Ah ! where is the home where there has not been
 one
 That's left the dear hearth and to distant lands
 gone ?
 And left thus behind as the lone bird its mate,
 With but few that can feel their sorrowful fate.

The Spring time will come again, blossoms will bud
 With beautiful life in the field, and the wood ;
 And lone birds will sigh for nests that's left bare,
 Yet some will be found for the lone one to care.

A MAIDEN'S MEDITATION.

Alone among flowers a young maiden stood,
 With tresses of hair flowing wild in the breeze ;
 Her mind was transfixed on a Rose and its bud
 With a spirit of love serenely at ease.

Her bright thoughtful eye was fixed on the flow'rs,
 And she loved them, she said, as she look'd on
 the whole ;
 They smile as they live in their garlanded bowers,
 To gladden the heart and sweeten the soul.

She held in her hand a beautiful Rose,
 Just plucked from the group of its slumbering
 bed,
 Where a Lily lay calm, as if in repose,
 At the feet of the maid, where her pathway had
 led.

“Sweet flowers,” she said, “how charming they seem,
 The Rose with its hues, and the Lily so fair ;
 Which best should I love—which most to esteem,
 The one with its tints, or the other so rare.

Your language is that of lovers' hearts' ease,
 Where fountains of love gush out from the springs ;
 Where Cupid's young life never ceases to tease,
 Aye fluttering around with his butterfly's wings.

I feel so perplex'd, for I love them so well,
 The one is so pure and the other so sweet ;
 I fail to decide, though long I may dwell,
 To say which is best, for they both are complete.

I glory in flowers, they tend to refine
 And lighten the load of our burdens below ;
 They come with a bright and graceful design,
 The lessons of peace and wisdom to show.

The thoughts that they lived both sweetly and pure,
 Will give to the mind an enduring delight ;
 When their bloom fades away we longed to endure
 A joy to the mind and a prize to the sight."

THE BACHELOR'S MEDITATION.

I stood at my garden gate,
 When Autumn leaves were sear ;
 And flowers that were before me
 Seemed fading, and so drear.

I thought of those that pleased me,
 With all their blooming hue ;
 When Springtime was before me,
 And all look'd bright and new.

The Summer gave perfection
 To all the tender plants,
 They brought a joy and pleasure,
 Supplying all my wants.

Swift hours I never heeded,
I thought all times as one,
And revelled in life's pleasures
Till Summer days were gone.

And here alone I'm standing,
Amid this fading scene,
Where shadows of the Winter
Come creeping on between.

I cannot now recall them,
Their flowery hues are gone ;
I dreamt of brighter beamings ;
There sure was something wrong.

With pain I now remember
How I have let life slip ;
I feel as if the Winter
Would all my prospects nip.

Those loved ones that I cherished—
Fair flowers that round me grew,
But when I thought to take one,
I then began to rue.

My years are growing shorter,
And fair ones pass me by,
And when I think of Springtime
My heart begins to sigh.

I've let the seasons pass me,
 And now must live alone ;
 And for my sad shortcomings
 I never can atone.

I feel life's cares are stinging
 This fickle heart of mine ;
 And though I may not gather
 I still will not repine.

Through single life I've struggled
 And must do to the end ;
 But know 'twould have been better
 To own a lady friend.

YON TWINKLING STARS.

When evening shades decay,
 And clear comes on the night,
 My soul her tributes pay
 To yon bright orbs of light ;
 They wile from cares of earth,
 As birds their brood allures ;
 They sparkle with their mirth,
 Like sunbeams on the flowers.

If news averse is told
 Of wars that men deplore,
 Where brave men and the bold
 Lie weltering in their gore,

These twinkling lamps of night
 Shine forth where peace prevails,
 And, with their radiant light,
 Give joy that never fails.

When all the world's at rest,
 And toilers sleep in peace,
 Then men with cares oppress'd
 Find all their troubles cease.
 Those stars keep shining still,
 To greet some watcher's eye,
 To gratify the will
 On worlds that stud the sky.

When earth is clothed in white,
 And streams are bound with ice,
 Then athletes take delight
 To cut some strange device ;
 Those diamonds in the sky
 Keep dazzling all the while,
 As zodiac signs go by
 Their pastimes to beguile.

These crystal worlds of light,
 With an effulgent blaze,
 Beam down to mortal sight
 With soft, unsullied rays ;

And as they shine they bear
 The stamp of truth divine,
 And with creative care
 God makes those orbs to shine.

When mortal souls are free
 From cords that bind them here,
 With spirit-sight they'll see
 God's glories still more clear ;
 On fleetest wings they'll fly
 Through starry spheres above ;
 The unchained soul on high
 Through trackless paths will move.

CHRISTIAN COMFORT.

Comes there sadness, come there pain,
 For the friends we loved so dear ;
 Whom no eye shall see again,
 Whom no heart shall ever cheer ?

When we think of loved ones gone,
 Will death rob us of our peace ;
 Will sweet comfort come to none,
 Will bright hopes for ever cease ?

Sure as morning brings the light,
 Sure as spring the gentle rain,
 Sure as day succeeds the night,
 We shall meet our friends again.

Did Disciples mourn the loss,
 Of their Master, when He died ;
 Did they watch Him on the cross,
 And lament Him, crucified ?

Yes, they sorrowed at His tomb,
 And bewailed a friend so dear ;
 But He dashed aside the gloom
 And arose their hearts to cheer.

Graves are dark to human sense,
 But there shines a star within,
 Lighting all the passage thence,
 From this weary world of sin.

Jesus is the Christian's light,
 Shining through the gloomy vale ;
 All who trust His power and might,
 Ne'er will find that light to fail.

Sainted ones have gone before,
 Where the crystal fountains flow ;
 Comfort comes to us the more,
 For Christ trod this vale of woe.



THE PASSING AWAY OF WINTER.

Thou art gone, stern winter, with frost and with snow,
For spring days to gladden, when primroses grow,
How young hearts rejoiced when with cold sturdy stride,
With the crisp ice below and snow flakes beside.
Yes, these were the times for young hearts to be glad,
When hills were all white and with snow-mantles clad ;
But old folks were pained when the winter blasts blew,
As they sat in their homes with comforts but few—
When the Robin Redbreast crept for shelter close by
And the children of want gave their pitiful cry.
The beautiful snow has its claims and its charms,
As it covers the fields and corn seed warms ;
But all hail with delight as it passes away,
And rejoice with a song for the merry spring day,
When nature's full choirs, with a right gladsome strain,
Welcome back to the earth its beauties again ;
When the swallow and swift and merry skylark
Come to cheer up the spots so recently dark ;
When trees with their bloom bright sunshine will cast,
And smile that the winter for a season is past.

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

Come to my aid thou gentle muse,
Uplift thy mystic veil,
And help me kindly to portray
This city of the Swale.

Beyond thy craggy crested walks
What scenes of beauty shine,
Where thy famed river swiftly glides,
And round thy banks entwine.

Where cataracts 'mid islets fair
Dash o'er its rocky bed,
And murmuring notes, in varied song,
Give choral strains unled.

And far away by western hills
And heather mountain sides,
Thy waters roll their waves between
Where beauty aye abides.

In centuries of the wondrous past,
When feudal nobles reigned,
Within thy Castle and its keep
They regal rights maintained.

When chivalrous knights, in armour clad,
With war-trained chargers near,
They kept the daring foe at bay,
With cross-bow and the spear.

And often in their times of glee
They tournaments would keep
Within the precincts of thy walls,
With fortress bold and steep.

The monks betimes, from Easby's pile,
In concert would ascend,
To join the chieftains in their feast,
And on their lords attend.

Their festive scenes they kept in style,
And spread their tables well ;
They drank the flowing flagon dry,
And merry tales would tell.

When Christmas came, with frost and snow,
Rich banquets they'd prepare ;
When nobles true, and templars bold,
Alike the feast would share.

The banquet hall would gleam with gold—
Rich trophies from afar—
The barons had in battle claimed
As prizes in the war.

Fair maidens, too, would swell the ranks,
To share in Christmas cheer,
And grace the group of lordly peers
From castles far and near.

The mistletoe and holly twigs
Would deck the castle walls,
And give a bright and pleasing view,
Which this fair scene recalls.

The burly cook would usher in
His choicest dish of all,
The grim boar's head, a savoury one,
The fattest in the stall.

Thus England in her early times
Would keep her festive days,
With maid and monk and barons bold,
Amid their joyous lays.

The yule log in its embers blazed
Within the wide arched fire ;
While every one to music danced
As if they ne'er would tire.

Then from the Abbey came the sound
Of sweet and silver bells,
Which on the midnight breezes bore
Soft music o'er the fells.

A minstrel sang within the gates,
A welcome guest was he ;
And carols from the friar's choir
Were sung both loud and free.

A Saviour's birth they each proclaimed.
 In joyful sounds of praise,
 Which ushered in the happy morn
 With Him of ancient days.

Now monk and baron lie in dust,
 Who once were blithe and gay ;
 While their old castle, with its walls,
 Are hastening to decay.

Yet Nature all around is fair,
 Where blooming heather grows ;
 And yon bright stream, the noted Swale,
 In ever freshness flows.

THE TRAGEDY OF BLACKWELL LANE.

A LEGEND OF THE TEES.

Young Austin left his native shore
 To battle in a foreign land,
 Where men of war the blue seas bore—
 A fearless, yet a faithful band.
 In boyish days his wont had been
 To gambol by the winding Tees,
 Where rugged rocks it roll'd between,
 And by the green, redolent leas.
 There, on the banks of that fair stream,
 Cliffe's manor stood, with spacious hall ;

Where ploughboys drove their gentle team,
And oxen fatten'd by the stall.
He loved to chase the cunning game
O'er barren moor, o'er hill and dell ;
But when the summer breezes came,
He loved the baited rod as well.
The finny tribes that passed the weir,
And glistened on to Greta's beck,
Young Austin sported far and near,
Till rod and reel were oft a wreck.
For, while he plied the tickle-bait,
And plunged to gain the prize he caught,
A maiden watched the victim's fate,
And smiled that all should come to naught.
But Austin plied another line,
Which in a game of chance he threw ;
"This time the prize," he said, "is mine,"
As he that precious treasure drew.
Now, this young maid was often seen
To watch the fisher in his sport ;
And with her wizard line so keen
She caught her prize with one sly dart.
And thus the two together grew
In sweet affection by the way,
And with love's flowers their path would strew
Through each returning blush of day.
The wily Tees was often crossed
To Gainford's old, yet cheerful hall,

Where merry hearts were oft engrossed
 On lovers' vows and sports withal,
 And she on pannier, too, would wade
 To meet the heir of Cliffe's domain,
 Where with her charms she conquests made,
 And with her queenly grace sustained.
 A soldier's life he proudly led,
 And longed for honours in the field ;
 He claimed to be a noble bred
 And ne'er to coward acts would yield.
 The distant cry of war was heard,
 Where Milan's sun so brightly shines ;
 Her peoples for their rights were stirr'd,
 Where grows the rich luxuriant vines.
 Young Austin thither soon was called
 With English troops, to aid their chief ;
 To liberate the now enthralled,
 And give their peoples sweet relief.
 Now when the time for parting came,
 And Emma neared his prancing steed,
 A gentle tremor shook his frame,
 Till he from her fond gaze was freed.
 A fallen tear he felt come nigh,
 As he pressed down to cheeks so pale,
 And shadows dim cross'd his bright eye,
 While speech a while e'en seemed to fail.
 He gave a ring with diamonds set,
 And bless'd her as he pass'd her by.

“This token keep, my prize and pet,
And wear it if perchance I die.”

The Autumn leaves were whisking round
The sturdy oak and hallowed yew;
The early frost was on the ground,
And sparkled like the summer dew.

Bright lights were glittering in the hall,
Where maidens fair were passing by,
And joyful smiles, so clear to all,
Betoken’d glad events were nigh.

They watched young Austin’s safe return,
And met to greet the heir of Cliffe;
They felt the heart’s emotion burn,
And soften down the proud and stiff.

The aged dame and grey-haired sire
Felt youthful days return once more,
As they sat round the blazing fire,
With memories of the days of yore.

How sweet their smiles when Austin stood
Before the face of them he loved,
They thanked the Giver of all Good
‘Till every heart an alter proved.

Now there were eyes that met his glance
As he stood by the aged pair,
Whose flash was like the soldier’s lance
That darted through the murky air.

That look was followed by a smile,
Which loving hearts alone can read;

So full of thought, so void of guile,
And to all else, a blank indeed.
His eyes beheld the ring she wore,
Which dazzled on the hand so white ;
And which had been her treasured store,
When he was battling for the right.
He stooped to kiss that gentle hand,
He press'd it to his youthful heart,
In token of love's measures plann'd,
Ere he from her awhile should part.
They mingled then with other guests
To celebrate his safe return,
To carry out his mild behests,
Or with some flower his breast adorn.
Sir Clifford from the West was there,
Who coolly look'd upon the scene ;
He jealously one sweet maiden fair,
Whom he had hoped to make his queen.
The maiden claimed the soldier, hers,
And sheltered near his manly side ;
Extolling him, her heart adores,
And who ere long should be his bride.
Revenge was smouldering in that breast,
For Clifford loved fair Emma too ;
His fevered soul could find no rest,
So swore to keep his fiendish vow.
He plann'd his work with Satan's aid,
Nor waited long to see the end ;

He found he could not win the maid,
 Nor make her to his wishes bend.
 He'd promised her broad lands to share,
 And in his princely home to live ;
 A noble's crest of arms to bear,
 If she to him her heart would give.
 All this availed the maiden nought,
 She dashed aside the proffered gift ;
 For honours, she could not be bought,
 Nor gold could close the open rift.
 Now, news of his return was sent,
 Proud honours crown'd the hard campaign
 On festive deeds the maid was bent,
 When he to Cliffe should come again.
 Now festive days of Christmas came,
 When courtiers seek the festive scene ;
 When banquets, spread with precious game,
 And maidens deck the church with green.
 One place alone he knew would be
 The rendezvous of young and old ;
 Where merry hearts would meet in glee,
 And merry tales of love be told.
 That noble hall, whose owner's pride,
 It was to make young hearts feel glad,
 Whose liberal hand would gifts provide,
 And fill with joy if hearts were sad.
 There she shall be that owner's guest,
 Close by the Tees green woodlands shade ;

"There, loving hearts have found sweet rest,
 There, greetings many brides have made.
 Perchance, I then may claim her mine ;
 If not, the road is dark and drear,
 And as I to dark deeds incline,
 I feel no doubt, I dread no fear."
 'Twas even so when thus they met,
 She lov'd none but a soldier's heart,
 And hers was 'gainst Sir Clifford set,
 And therefore they must ever part.
 Alas ! that parting true was found,
 For he with subtle skill betrayed ;
 And she lay bleeding on the ground,
 When, deep he buried this young maid.
 Now, ere he took his last adieu
 Of her he hoped to make his wife,
 He stripped the finger of a gem so true
 That once adorned her fair young life.
 None ever knew of her sad end
 But Clifford, who the deed had done ;
 Yet maidens mourned young Austin's friend,
 Though none knew where the maid had gone.
 The ring was found when Clifford died
 Closed in a casket made of gold,
 With these words closely in its side :
 "To Austin, dear—to me so cold."
 No clue to Clifford's crime was found—
 For then dark deeds were oft passed by—

The Tees that fair one may have drowned
 When its dark waves were rolling high.
 'Twas after many a passing year
 That thus, by chance, in Blackwell's Lane,
 The death of Austin's maiden dear
 To open light was brought again.
 The last remains of her he loved
 Lay covered in a grassy mound,
 Which strangers gently had removed,
 And there the lost again was found.
 A simple stone within the wall
 Marks out the spot where she reposed ;
 Away from that once joyous hall
 Her tender heart was thus enclosed.

THE BLIND MAN AND GLADSTONE.

[Mr. Gladstone recently, at the risk of his life, in great danger of being run over, led a poor blind man safely across one of the busy thoroughfares of London.—*Northern Echo, 1884.*]

The busy throng of mortal cares
 Were hurrying through the crowded street
 With cab and cart to pass their wares
 Where merchants at their markets meet.
 None seem'd to care as on they hurl'd
 With eager speed to gain their ends,
 For in this hard and selfish world
 Most think that life on self depends.

The young could cross with agile limb
 As on, the busy traffic rolled,
 Not so with those whose sight was dim.
 'Twas for the young with spirits bold,

Nor those whom age had bent in form,
 Who struggle with life's cares and want,
 Who'd battle 'mid life's bitter storm
 In a bleak world of pomp and cant.

Amid the dense and struggling throng
 One, poor and blind, and careworn too,
 Had stood with anxious wishes long,
 To gain a safe conveyance through.

Did none among the passers by
 Give aid to him who stood thus blind?
 Did no one hear his feeble cry
 And show some love for humankind?

O yes, one stricken well in years,
 With eyes as keen as eagles are,
 With heart embalmed in Godlike fears,
 And bright as shines the morning star.

Though cares of Empire with their weight
 Press'd down upon his burdened mind,
 He'd tend this stranger, void of sight,
 And lead him through with hand so kind.

He'd led men through intricate ways,
 Whose eyes were blind with selfish ends,
 Unillumin'd with the light of days,
 He led to where real glory tends.

If his loved Queen a rose could place
 Upon her faithful servant's grave,
 Then Gladstone too, with equal grace
 Would do an act as kind and brave.

Well may the British nation claim
 This noble man and patriot true,
 And laud through time his honoured name
 With all he's had through life to do.

IN MEMORY OF H. PEASE.

WHO DIED IN HIS 75TH YEAR.

HE TRAVELED TO ST. PETERSBURG, TO DISSUADE THE
 EMPEROR FROM ENTERING UPON THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Why does the heart with sadness beat,
 As darkened clouds around us roll?

Why do we seek a lone retreat,
 Awhile for others to condole?

When icy death hath nipt a flow'r,
 We mourn that it should early die,
 When we had hoped our cottage bower
 With gems of beauty long would vie.



And so we mourn when winter blasts,
 Cut down some tall and stately tree,
 For round its roots a blank it casts,
 And we no more its leaves shall see.

E'en so it is with human life,
 We sorrow when the young are gone,
 And mourn when toilers in the strife,
 With noble conquests here are done.

To-day, beside the narrow cell,
 Where other heads in silence lie,
 We took our last and long farewell,
 With hopes to meet again on high.

His manly form we loved to see,
 And watch his kind and sun-lit face,
 Where peaceful lines of virtue be,
 That all who knew around could trace.

The thunderbolt of deadly war
 His loving soul abhorred to hear,
 And for sweet peace he travell'd far
 In winter days o'er deserts drear.

He struggled much to give the light,
 The rising race in justice claimed,
 And with his gifts so pure and right
 His name through all the North is famed.

With him, the key where knowledge lies
 Was ever held with open hand
 To aid the youth, who, struggling, tries
 To gain the goal his mind had plann'd.

As skilful guide, he led the way
 When commerce sought his help and aid,
 And nought his thoughtful soul could stay
 Which he with reason's terms had made.

The Senate found in him a mind
 To struggle with a righteous cause,
 And thus he ever was inclined
 To give to all their equal laws.

The flowery world gave his great soul
 A joy, which gifted Nature's prize,
 Refreshing as the season's roll
 With fruitful droppings from the skies.

And thus through life his soul pursued
 The path his Master daily trod ;
 And with a Christian's zeal endowed,
 He lived a noble son of God.

We'll think of him through life's rough maze,
 And copy all his virtues through,
 That in life's dark declining days
 We may in goodness be as true.



WHEN OUR CHILDREN ARE ABOUT US.

I love those bright and happy days,
 When our children are about us;
 To watch their sweet and joyous ways—
 For their gladness always suits us.
 No gems can yield us more delight,
 Though they glow with golden splendour;
 Their youthful hearts are glad and bright,
 With such sweetness, and so tender.

They gambol round the glowing hearth,
 And they sweetly sing their carols—
 So full of hope and childish mirth,
 With their pure and childish morals.
 They trust the hand that's straight held out,
 And words that are kindly spoken;
 With sense that is both keen and cute,
 And a trust that's seldom broken.

Sometimes our hearts may be downcast,
 And our souls may feel a sadness;
 But the sun will shine when clouds are past,
 With the sunshine and the gladness.
 Time's wheels keep moving slowly on,
 And it's clock will strike it's number;
 Yet still their prattling tongues wag on,
 'Till they rest in quiet slumber.

Do you see them in their pleasure
 As the snow-flakes fast are falling?
 Do you see them with their treasure,
 When in merry moods they're calling?
 When the Spring has brought them flowers,
 And the Summer tinted roses;
 How they dance beneath the bowers
 Where in spirit life reposes.

It is not wealth that makes life sweet,
 Nor for honour men are asking;
 These make the life-pulse faster beat
 When for their power they're grasping.
 But homes are blest where children are,
 With a mother's kind love burning,
 Leading their panting hearts to care
 For a life that's worth adorning.

O, may the day be distant far
 When our children won't be near us,
 And, guided by that morning star,
 With a pilot hand to steer us—
 To gain at last a purer sphere
 Than the one wherein life found us—
 A brighter one than men find here,
 With our children all around us.



THE RIVER SKERNE, DARLINGTON.

'Tis true no classic arts adorn
 The weary windings of the Skerne,
 No castellated fragments lie,
 With tottering turrets standing high ;
 No barques sail up with pride and grace,
 To give importance to the place ;
 Yet there is much around thee, still,
 In history's pages much to fill.

*Long ere the towering poplars stood,
 Like monarchs in the shady wood,
 By sunny spots, where lovers met,
 To tell their tale when Phœbus set ;
 Or ere the parks which now adorn
 This tortuous river of the Skerne
 Betimes with anger it would flow
 With fury from the melting snow ;
 Again its tranquil face would gleam
 As placid as a gentle stream,
 Where on its banks the wild flow'rs grow ;
 Nor can famed rivers brighter shew
 "The lady's smock of silver white,"
 The glowing caltha pure and bright,
 The globe flow'rs with their golden hues
 All shining forth with morning dews.

* Formerly a fine row of poplars stood here, planted by
 E. Pease, some 100 years ago.

† How changed since James, old Scotia's pride,
 Stood gazing by its slimy side :
 'Twas then a wild and weary waste,
 With little to command his taste ;
 But now flows on past busy streets,
 Until at last the Tees it greets.
 St. Cuthbert here would pace its shore,
 In many a decade now no more.

‡ Here Pudsey's soul was moved to rear
 St. Cuthbert's pile, to all so dear,
 Whose bells in mellow tones are found
 O'er all its winding ways to sound.
 When she who swamped the Armada
 Came on her tour this northern way,
 She stood and looked at every turn,
 Then smiled upon the tiny Skerne,
 And freely gave, to it adorn,
 A school to overlook the Skerne.
 Here, too, a Pease and Stephenson
 Their great triumphal honours won ;
 For near its banks the work was plann'd
 Whereby the world with rails is spann'd.
 Now, everywhere, the engine flies,
 Past giant streams, 'mid sunny skies.
 Despise not then this little stream,
 Though it may but a trifle seem.

† James I. visited Darlington, April, 1617.

‡ In 11th century.

We'll think, as glides life's fleeting years,
 Of joy which now so dim appears ;
 For on its banks, when we were young,
 Our lyre was with sweet lyrics strung ;
 And oft would by the Allan's Grange
 With Apollonian spirits range,
 When moonbeams on its waves would prance,
 Like Elfin maidens in a dance.
 Then, hope with burning bliss would shine,
 As stars come out at night betime,
 With many a bright and glowing ray
 To brighten up our youthful way ;
 So we'll remember in our turn
 The scenes that cluster round the Skerne.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Just gone to his rest from the cares of a State,
 And the home that he loved, 'mid honours so great.
 The wealth of a king would gladly've been given
 To have kept him as King in the land of the living.
 Obsequies reigned in the spot where he lay,
 For a veteran King had just pass'd away ;
 And men had all hoped that a calm would succeed
 The loss they'd sustained in a chieftain indeed.
 Now Germany mourns for both parent and son,
 Who in its great heart his affections had won ;

And sorrow intense shades their great Fatherland,
 For its Emperor lies cold in Death's icy hand ;
 Deeper still it sinks down into one loving heart,
 Who has patiently borne her sorrowful part.
 She was priest at his altar by night and by day,
 To sooth his pain'd life until it pass'd away.
 O, beautiful trait in an Empress's life,
 True token of love in a fond, loving wife ;
 Old England is proud of her daughter to-day,
 Like Boadicea of old, in her sweet, soothing way.
 Her Prince, like a hero, both noble and true,
 With a patience of soul endured trials through ;
 And the honours he gained all hoped might endure,
 And for his loved country more blessings secure.
 But transient below were the laurels he wore,
 And he passed from this life to a life evermore.
 The nations around who knew his kind heart
 In greetings of sorrow have each shared a part ;
 Old England is sad for the loss of a son,
 Who with his affections such favours had won.

For this poem the Queen presented the author with her thanks.

ON A LADY GOING OUT TO JAPAN
 TO BE MARRIED.

Some people demur and laugh at my plan,
 That I should go out to the shores of Japan ;
 But love is a power both mighty and grand,
 'Twill carry a maid to a far distant land.

Had I but the wings of swallow or swift,
 I'd fly o'er the hills 'mid the storm and the drift,
 And shelter right soon by the side of the man
 Who shies at the maids on the shores of Japan.

Love's stronger than death ; it cannot be chain'd,
 If the choice of the heart can only be gain'd ;
 Leander could swim o'er the deep blue sea,
 To share in the joys where his lover might be.

No waves could keep back, no words could deter
 The soul of the man who thus longed to see her.
 No more shall they mine ; I hope soon to be
 With the choice of my heart, o'er yon distant sea.

If a cot be his home, with little to cheer,
 I'll there be content with my lov'd one so dear,
 'Tis peace in the mind, contentment, and love,
 Which shine on a home, as the stars shine above.

The clearer the night, they shine out the more ;
 With love that's sincere there's nought to deplore ;
 Bright hopes, like the Spring, will sure come again,
 To cheer my young heart as I sail o'er the main.

I know that the home in distant Japan
 A palace will be with the choice of my man ;
 The fire will glow 'mid contentment and mirth,
 With smiles that are found surrounding the hearth.

The friends that I leave near heather-clad hills,
 By streams of the north, where the dewdrop distils,
 And bonny blue bells that grow by their side,
 Will ever to me in sweet memories abide.

The kirk's silver bells my fancy will hear,
 To sound as of yore to my anxious ear,
 While soft, soothing winds from the heather-clad
 moor
 With fragrance sweet on my senses will pour.

Adieu, then, to all, yet still not for aye,
 Perchance I may come o'er, their land marks to
 stray,
 And Scotia my home be yet once again
 When from my new home I shall sail o'er the
 main.

ON AN AUTUMN SABBATH NIGHT.

O tranquil Sabbath of the year,
 How calm thy parting steps appear,
 While ruddy rays in softness shine
 On all those peaceful paths of thine.

There is a joy thy glories bring
 Sweet as the flowery buds of Spring ;
 There is a calm thy moments tell
 On which our souls with sweetness dwell.

The balmy air seems hallowed now,
As flower dells glisten in the dew ;
While night shades o'er yon landscape close
To give to life a sweet repose.

Yon silver moon that glides on high,
Queen of night in the twilight sky,
Is calm as if she too would be
Afraid to mar its tranquility.

Sweet hymns of praise through hills resound
Where feathery tribes in peace abound,
As if they, too, could sweetly feel
The joy those Sabbath hours reveal.

Would that all the world could be
As peaceful as those sights we see ;
No sorrow nor distress be found
In all those Sabbath moments round.

The Christian rests his soul to-night
With calmness and a sweet delight,
As he beholds those Autumn shades
Which softly round his pathway fades.

The toilers in their weary strife,
Have had one day of peaceful life,
Refresh'd for labour to begin
The children's daily bread to win.

The darker days are coming on,
 When Autumn's Sabbath days are gone ;
 But Summer ones will come again,
 With their sweet peace and holy strain.

Could all the world its sweetness know,
 The bliss that from its treasures flow,
 Then life would be a joy to share,
 And each would feel a brother's care.

JUBILEE DAY IN DARLINGTON.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE MAYOR (E. D. WALKER, ESQ.), CAPTAIN LEATHAM (GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT), MR. LEACH (GENERAL SECRETARY), MESSRS. T. M. BARRON, J. M. HORSLEY, H. A. INCH, J. HENDERSON, AND REVDS. A. BOOT AND H. H. PULLEN (MARSHALS) AND MR. J. T. HALL (HON. SEC.)

A local paper stated that "Mr. John Horsley, the Skerneside poet resorting to his 'ain fireside' for inspiration, after the fatigues of Jubilee Day, which he had spent in admiring contemplations of the eleven thousand children in the People's Park produced the following :—

O, happy day that dawn'd with joy
 Upon this favoured English Isle ;
 O, happy race that saw the sun
 With glory all around us smile :
 It came with power on this glad day
 To brighten up the children's way.

Ten thousand hearts were beating high
 To welcome forth the Jubilee ;
 Ten thousand youths stood waiting by
 To sing of Britain's Majesty.
 And laud their praise to her alone
 Who sits upon Old England's throne.

The Mighty One who reigns above,
 Where all is under His control,
 Has given us a Queen of love,
 A lady with a noble soul :
 So young and old met here to-day
 Sweet tributes to her reign would pay.

Full fifty years she's ruled and reigned
 A pattern to a queenly race,
 And with her heart has well sustained
 A monarch's love with queenly grace.
 And so they sang "God bless her still,
 The nation's heart with peace to fill."

When fleeting years have roll'd along,
 And time its varied changes makes ;
 When others sing a monarch's song,
 And others joys their soul awakes ;
 The young who laughed and sang to-day
 Will think of scenes now pass'd away.

The men who lived when she was crown'd,
 Who near her side the sceptre bore,

However great, hewe'er renowned,
 Will soon cross Time's unbounded shore ;
 But young hearts marching in this throng
 Will the famed day remember long.

They'll mind the garb the old town wore,
 When Mayor and men of high degree
 Came marching on with bands before,
 To celebrate the Jubilee :
 Streets, thousands lined, a sight to see,
 A scene that never more may be.

The merry voice of striplings rose,
 Nor could they once their mirth restrain,
 When in the Park of sweet repose
 They gambolled forth with might and main.
 And so the day all longed to see,
 Passed off "our Royal Jubilee."

"Mr. Horsley was a Sunday School Teacher before Her Majesty's accession to the Throne, and continues to this day a Teacher. His interest in the children is not, therefore, a thing of yesterday ; nor is his loyalty open to dispute. Quite recently, on the approach of the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's accession, Mr Horsley addressed a few stanzas to the Sovereign, and had the honour of a direct acknowledgment from Gen. Ponsonby, and also for this poem."



FRED AND THE BIRDS.

Some little birds young Fred has got ;

 The dearest little creatures ;

They are a merry singing lot,

 With such delightful features.

Their merry songs give him delight

 On each return of morning,

And then they charm his soul at night

 When he's from school returning.

They make him feel life's burden light

 As they keep up their singing,

And when he gives them crumbs at night

 They set the place a-ringding.

They teach him lessons truly great,

 With instincts of their nature,

To gently live, and learn and wait

 Upon the great Creator.

'Tis true he cages not the birds :

 They fly about his dwelling ;

But somehow when he speaks kind words

 They know the things he's telling.

They warble out their morning song

 For rest their Maker's given,

And so they sing the whole day long

 Like music choirs in heaven,

How sweet they sing their merry lays,
 With joy their hearts are beating,
 And then they have such kindly ways
 With chirping and with greeting.

O, merry birds, sing on, sing on,
 For summer days are waning,
 And flowers that live will soon be gone,
 Which will some hearts be paining.

A POET'S DESIRE.

If in winter time I should leave this clime,
 Then bury me low, beneath the white snow,
 And bury me deep, where the good ones sleep ;
 If in summer hours, when bloom the flowers,
 Let the green grass wave o'er my quiet grave,
 And if there's a flower in my own sweet bower,
 O, then, let it be some flow'r-bearing tree,
 That soft winds may blow where those flowers grow ;
 Let loved ones on earth, who joined me in mirth,
 Or proved to me true as in life I passed through,
 Yes, those may stand by where my ashes lie.
 They'll think of times past and when we met last ;
 Let the hypocrite's head bend not o'er the dead,
 Nor shed a false tear for one buried here,
 My soul shall watch by and stifle the sigh,
 For it knew well before what deceptions it bore ;



But the true for a while I will meet with a smile,
 And whisper as spirits, of friendship's true merits,
 When we met in the glade and various schemes laid,
 Or we sat by the fire our plans to admire,
 Oft being perplexed with this life and the next ;
 But we trusted the Word of Jesus the Lord,
 When faith winged it's flight to a glorified sight,
 Of visions once seen, with no veil between.
 With such we would greet, and with true pleasure
 meet,

By the lone grave of one who from earth had just gone
 For in this short life of anguish and strife
 'Tis joyous to know you have true friends below ;
 But misers eschew, and the base-hearted too,
 They never can give kind words while they live ;
 I'll leave them alone, their sins to atone.
 So to friends that were true, I'll bid them adieu,
 And when we next meet, I will joyfully greet
 Round planets and stars and old ruddy Mars,
 We'll take a swift flight, amid glories so bright,
 And with pleasure adore our Maker the more.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

Sweet the breeze that softly blows
 In the quiet evening hour,
 O'er the pink and o'er the rose—
 Yea, o'er every garden flower.

Summer brings its charms anew
 To the heart of every child ;
 Strewing pearls like evening dew
 O'er the spots once bleak and wild.

Earth is teeming with her wealth
 Fresh and free as morning air ;
 And her gifts of life and health
 She is scattering everywhere.

Lo the lily, pure as snow,
 Rears its head among the rest,
 Teaching lessons here below,
 With its style in meekness dress'd.

Gay each garland gem is seen,
 Cultured by a hand divine,
 Blushing through the myrtle green,
 Prized as is the precious vine.

Flowers of Spring have passed away
 With their sweet endearing looks,
 Their's were but a transient stay
 By the woods and running brooks.

Daffodils and pimpernels
 With the flowers of early Spring,
 Died among their native dells
 Where they did such pleasures bring.



Summer flowers fill up the void
With their robes of richer dye,
Spreading out their petals wide,
Warmed beneath a summer sky.

Roses sweet as maiden's cheeks
Come with perfumes rich and rare,
Like to golden tinted streaks
Bursting oe'r a world so fair.

Golden calceolarias vie
With the pansies' varied hue,
Bright lobelias growing by
With their shades of azure blue.

Spreading asters rich are seen,
With geraniums bright and gay,
Decking all the paths of green,
'Mid a sun's resplendent ray.

Many a cot with beauty glows
Where the woodbine spans the door,
And the sweet yet simple rose
Makes the owner prize it more.

They will fade as all things fade,
In this world of change and strife,
But they have an opening made
To a bright and better life.

Narrow minds may poorly prize
 Gifts so glorious and profuse
 Stretching out before their eyes ;
 But the generous know their use.

ON BURNS, THE SCOTTISH POET.

O Bobby Burns, O Bobby Burns,
 I often think of thee in turns.
 Thou 'wert a Poet true as day,
 With heart as true as pen could sway,
 No diamond shone with purer light,
 Nor star that graced the plains of night ;
 For when thy lyre with notes were strung,
 No sweeter songs could e'er be sung,
 And when thy hands the chords would move,
 Thy heart was fill'd with ardent love.
 Fair woman was his beau ideal,
 He wrote because his love was real.
 In fancies flights he oft would soar
 To sketch the scenes most men adore.
 But love, with all the graces, shone
 Upon life's beauties, every one.
 His Highland Mary touched his heart
 When she from his lov'd gaze must part.
 And, O, the touch his pen has given
 Of his sweet Mary, now in Heaven.



Had he the same to temperance paid,
As he had to his Highland maid,
Then richer still the world had been
With his poetic love so keen.
If down in Burns' impassioned heart
There reigned an idol's keen-edged dart,
Then other Poets with less fame
Have often felt like him, the same.
For he who claimed for man an Eve
To more than ideal visions cleave.
Those Highland Marys touch the part
That reigns in every Poet's heart.
If Poets paint the star deck'd sky,
Some earthly star will sure be nigh.
If flowery dells before him rise,
Some living flower will meet his eyes.
If ocean with its wavelets roll,
Some nymph will sure disturb his soul.
Why torment, then, the Poet's mind,
If he can't help, though oft inclined.
Though in his heart sweet peace may be,
From woman's love he cannot flee.
They soothe the path his feet may tread,
And calm the pains that rack his head.
So Burns in his real pictures drew
A pattern for the life long through.
And Mary more than ideal worth,
Was what his manly mind brought forth.

For sweet as Spring his Mary stood
A graceful maiden pure and good.

The Poet Burns was born in a small cottage near Ayre, in Scotland, on the 25th of January, 1759, and died 21st July, 1796.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND HIS CLASS.

Sometimes I think when work is done,
In this dear class of mine,
Have I young hearts to Jesus won,
And made them Saviour, thine;

What happy hours I there have known,—
What inward joys I've felt
When with my Class, and God alone
We have in worship knelt.

His precious word has been our theme,
His works our dear delight,
His Spirit like a gladsome beam
Has made our gatherings bright.

O happy times, how, quick they've fled
Like visions of the morn,
And yet they have our spirits led
Life's pathways to adorn.



The early flowers that grace the glen,
 When Spring days are in force,—
 Or crystal streams so prized by men
 That ripple in their course.

They have to life, a bliss bestowed
 The Teacher truly knows,
 When his full heart has overflowed
 With joy, which Christ bestows.

Each Sabbath day a rest is given,
 So calm, serene and bright,
 A foretaste of that rest in Heaven
 In which all take delight.

How sweet the hymns each one has sung
 In soft and hallowed strains,
 They've felt as if some Angel's tongue,
 Had led the loved refrains.

We'll think of those whov'e cross'd the bourne
 To sing in sweeter strains,
 But who will never more return
 From their celestial plains.

And others who have cares to face,—
 Life's burden to fulfil,
 Who sat within this much loved place
 And sang with heart and will.



Perchance the seed so truly sown
 Within their hearts while here,
 May through life's days, with pleasure own,
 That Christ to them is dear.

Life's days to me are waning fast,
 Its sands are settling down,
 But trust we all may at the last
 Obtain a Victor's Crown.

A WINTER SUNSET.

O, mighty Orb, what majesty is thine,
 As o'er the hills thy waning hours decline,
 Thy full orb'd glory of the passing day
 Hath lit up scenes in distant lands away ;
 And now, with glory more effulgent still,
 And radiant bliss, it streams o'er vale and hill,
 Where clear blue skies, with interspersing clouds,
 Have mirror'd forth thy gold-embroider'd shrouds.
 Earth in her stillness, wrapt in fleecy snow.
 On high-peaked hills with golden garments glow,
 And all around a heavenly vision yields,
 O'er running brooks and o'er the snow-clad fields,
 The silver lines on clouds that slowly glide
 Through regions vast at the sun's set eventide.
 Thy crimson hues in deepest shades are seen,
 Dazzling the landscape, lying in between,



While on in silent majesty, by far
 Outrivaling e'en, the brightest morning star,
 These malachited tints, in pleasing shade,
 With amber streaks thy scenes pervade,
 'Mid crystal thrones and gems like burnished gold
 Which stud heaven's roof, God's glory to behold,
 Where shrines of pearl, in beauty shine so pure
 Round worlds above, and kingdoms that endure.
 Sweet harmony is seen in all around,
 Which from the great Creator's hands abound ;
 Then lost, lost amid the darkness of the night,
 With earth, clothed in robes of snow so bright.
 O, mighty One, if in wisdom thou hast made
 One orb to shine with such resplendent shade,
 And deigned Thy glorious work to show
 To mortals in these finite realms below,
 How will immortal minds Thy wisdom trace
 When they on high behold Thee, face to face ?

A D V E R S I T Y.

ON THE FAMOUS PICTURE, "ADVERSITY," BY
 J. SANT, R.A.

A maiden stood in pensive mood,
 A homeless one and fair,
 Stainless as the blushing bud
 With no one near to care.

Sweet as the simple flowers she owns
 And holds in her thin hand,
 She, with a tear, her lot bemoans,
 A stranger in the land.

And tender as the lovely flowers,
 She too was kindly reared,
 Once dwelling 'mid the sunny bowers
 By loved ones so endeared.

The wild flow'rs she had gathered up
 To gain a scant repast,
 For her's was now a bitter cup
 And would be to the last.

She thought of friends who sweetly smiled
 Upon her winsome face,
 When she was such a merry child,
 A seraph in her place.

She thought of one who had not where
 To lay His sinless head,
 With but few friends His grief to share
 Or offer Him life's bread.

The cold world, like the cold dark grave,
 Had no sweet smile for her ;
 No hand was near to help or save,
 Though aid she might implore.



Once her loved home with plenty shone,
 And all was sunshine round,
 But now that home is wrecked and gone,—
 No dwelling place there's found.

For dire misfortune's bitter blast
 Swept o'er that quiet home
 Where once her peaceful lot was cast,
 But now's compelled to roam.

How strange that it should ever be,
 Amid God's plenteous store,
 That one should know of poverty,
 And millions ask, "Wherefore?"

Did not the wisest Teacher say,
 "Let love to all abound,"
 Then poverty might fly away
 And plenty reign around.

Yes now she wanders through life's fog
 Yet owns one earthly friend,
 A true and faithful simple dog,
 Who all her walks attend.



ON THE PECULIAR SUNRISE, AS SEEN
FROM CARMEL ROAD, DARLINGTON.

NOVEMBER 29TH, 1883.*

I stood on the hill where the Carmelites dwell,
When the sun in his might and glory arose;
The glow of his light stream'd o'er mountain and
dell,
Like chariots and horseman pursuing their foes.

It look'd as though creation had come to an end,
For the stars, before bright, became like as
blood;
And heaven's vast circle seem'd ready to rend,
While earth rolled on through that mysterious
flood.

His beams for a time were enshrouded in clouds,
Till he dashed them aside like mists in the morn;
When in triumph he rose from his environ'd
shrouds,
The glorified scenes of the world to adorn.

***SOLAR PHENOMENA.**—About five o'clock this morning, the whole eastern portion of the heavens was lighted up with a most brilliant roseate hue. Stars were dimmed, and meteors flashed out, causing great astonishment and considerable alarm amongst all who witnessed the spectacle. From the bridges over the Thames the scene was of a very picturesque character, especially when as from London Bridge, the riverside, wharves, and shipping appeared bathed in the beautiful colour.



Each pack with a splendour was spread o'er the sky,

And beauty unrivalled was gaily poured forth ;
Till the azure around was tinged with a dye,
Surpassing Aurora's bright beams in the north.

The gold was outvying the blush of the rose,
While dark passing clouds, with a bright fringe
of light,

Were seen with his power the gloom to depose,
And scatter the shades that were left of the night.

The stars, that had shone as bright gems of the night,
Which gave such a grace to the nocturnal queen,
Were lost in the blaze of his dazzling light,
And passed from the view with strange shadows between.

The trees that stood out in their autumn strip'd form,

With branches wide spread o'er the lane and the lawn ;

The oak that had weathered the fierce raging storm

With its serpent-like boughs defined in the dawn.

The ash and the fir tree that studded the plain,
Were bared to the eye with his bright beaming blaze ;

And a scene which no one might e'er see again
 Had pass'd from the view with his effulgent
 rays.

The vane that adorns St. Cuthbert's tall spire,
 Shone forth with a glow of glorified sheen ;
 While the groves all around flamed out like a fire,
 Where elves in their nocturnal pleasures had been.

The toilers of life were now wending their way
 To the fallows in fields, and to sheep in the fold ;
 As the light of the sun, that monarch of day,
 Was flooding the earth with his shading of gold.

RIEVAULX ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

FOUNDED, 1131. SURRENDERED, 1535.

O let me sweetly sing of thee,
 Fair land of might and majesty,
 Whose glory in the by-gone years
 Bespeaks the wisdom of thy seers,
 And those who with their drastic will,
 Displayed their genius and their skill,
 Which in those vales the light reveals,
 That oft the sombre grove conceals,
 Yon grand old pile in justice stands
 An honour in those English lands.
 For though in ruin still we see

There's much to say in praise of thee,
Whose graceful arches towering high
Beside the silver streams of Rye.
In olden times good Especk gave
This costly pile, with hallowed nave,
Wherein to worship and commune,
And chant their lays in solemn tune,
Till round the lofty vaulted fane
High heaven caught up the holy strain.
'Twas in this home of nightingales
Monks worshipped in those silent vales ;
But all is still and quiet now,
No sacred song, no holy vow.
The Priest who bent in solemn prayer
With holy men who gathered there,
These like thy cloisters silent be
Amid their sweet serenity ;
While all around thy ruined walls
A mournful theme of thought recalls.
The Abbot with his skilful eye
Would map a spot with pastures nigh,
And near to streams both fresh and sweet,
To murmur by the Prior's feet,
Where nature's stores would plenty yield
From verdant mead and fruitful field.
For though to heaven in prayer he sent
His holy vows in days of Lent,
Yet at odd times when days are drear,
His board he'd spread with smiling cheer.

Now these were times when kings and queens,
And gallant knights and men of means,
Would give the place a saintly call,
And pass within the spacious hall,
And then retire, where monk and priest
Where gathered, to a holy feast ;
When Mary, patron of the pile,
Would on the guests with sweetness smile.
All honour to those men of thought
Who in dark times such wonders wrought ;
Those holy monks—those men of yore,
Who on true learning set such store ;
That through the centuries which they reigned
Its highest honours have sustained ;
Like Cædman with his Saxon fame,
Have left such traces with his name.
Oft here the sun with golden gleams
Through windows rich sent down his streams,
Till all within like glory shone
Where holy monks their blessings won.
The sun still shines through arches high
Where Rye's soft streams flow gently by,
And meadows round look fresh and green,
Where many a monkish foot hath been.
And moor and fen, and hill and dale,
Look charming from this gentle vale ;
But monk and friar, where are they ?
Like visions they have pass'd away ;

And history only now recalls
The life they lived within thy walls.

GARDEN FETE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, PIERREMONT
PARK.

Charmed was the spot where maidens fair
In all their sweetness met,
Where floral scenes so rich and rare
In golden tints were set.

Bright picture of a fairy land,
Where glory gilds the ground,
And beauty with its magic wand
Tips all the paths around.

How sweet the scene, for all was bright,
With blue skies smiling down,
Which made the maids look clear and bright,
Like diamonds round a crown.

The verdant lawn a carpet lay
Where towering pine trees grew,
And flowery beds with blossoms gay
Stood open to the view.

The fragrant rose hung blushing there,
 With flowery friends close by,
 Asking a golden prize to share
 Where each in sweetness vie.

The placid lake a mirror lay
 Calm as a slumbering child,
 Alluring the eye on it to stay,
 Where all was sweet and mild.

The Chalêt on its rocky side
 Stood peering o'er the scene,
 Like one entranced with his fair bride
 'Mid varied shrubs of green.

And in the centre, 'midst them all,
 A noble fountain stands,
 Where pearly streams in sweetness fall
 Like showers in sunny lands.

Yes, there beneath the azure sky,
 And close by beds of flowers,
 Fair maidens with their spirits high
 Paced softly through the bowers.

They spread their stalls of tempting fruit,
 And many a bright bouquet ;
 They knew how wandering guests to suit,
 And none dar'd say them nay.



The spicy bun, the well cream'd tea,
 Were spread for each and all,
 Which nimble hands dispensed with glee
 At every anxious call.

While on the tempting tennis ground
 Light hearts were there to trip,
 Where many a ball was made to bound,
 And many a foot to skip.

So ended thus the maidens' treat
 Within that fairy dell,
 And till again with joy they meet
 They'll on its pleasures dwell.

SALTBURN, THE SILVER CITY,
 BY THE SEA.

How pure the breeze that sweeps thy bay,
 Where round its steeps the wild waves play ;
 Thy sandy beach and sea-girt strand,
 Seems fairest in this English land.

Where'er I be, where'er I turn,
 I look on charms at sweet Saltburn.

'Mid lofty peaks and shady groves,
 The sea-bird in his freedom hoves ;
 By spiral walks and snug retreats,
 O'er verdant fields and open streets,

And pleasant spots which now adorn,
This queenly place of New Saltburn.

The dashing sea a mirror seems,
Where Neptune in his glory gleams,
For far beyond its wide expanse,
The merry mermaids sport and dance.

No sailor there will ever mourn
O'er maids like those at sweet Saltburn.

Thy gardens fill each fairy dell,
The poet's prize, the lovers' spell ;
Where flowers of every living hue,
Give charms to every mortal view.

Where roses and the mountain fern
Enrich the scene at sweet Saltburn.

The old Cat Nab beyond the brook
Rears up its head with tempting look,
Inviting as he stands alone
To climb the summit of his cone,
Where maidens with warm hearts will turn
To sunny scenes of sweet Saltburn.

They'll watch Old Huntcliff, grim and high,
Towering towards the bright blue sky,
That from its summit each may view
Old ocean roll his wild waves through ;
Where at its base the rocks are worn
By weary waves at Old Saltburn.



Beneath its hills the iron ore
 So long sealed up—a treasured store,
 While all around on hill and dale
 An El Dorado, mortals hail.

For men have made the mountains turn
 To golden fields round sweet Saltburn.

Palatial inns for Prince or Peer,
 Where they may rest from troubles here,
 While those who toil their bread to win
 May here repose from life's loud din
 And shelter for awhile in turn
 'Mid bracing airs of sweet Saltburn.

And those whose hearts for worship beat
 May here in goodly temples meet,
 And in devotion pure and free
 Make prayer for those upon the sea,
 That sailors may in peace return
 To havens safe as thine, Saltburn.

We'll leave thy shores, with much regret,
 Where we have such enjoyments met ;
 We'll think of spots so rich and rare
 We found around thy precincts there,
 And hope again to soon return,
 'Mid sunlit groves at sweet Saltburn.



HIGH FORCE, MIDDLETON-IN-TEESDALE.

Once more we've come in Spring's bright day,
 Where breezes blow o'er moor and fell,
 Where sublime Nature courts our stay,
 As we upon her glories dwell.

How grand the scene where yon full Force
 Rolls down its deep and rock-bound way,
 Nought could restrain its onward course,
 Nought could its foaming floods delay.

It roared and leapt the widen'd gorge,
 So awful in its deep descent,
 It boiled in fury with its surge
 As on its wending way it went.

The smooth-faced boulders at its head
 Lay still, as wavelets dashed along,
 And music wild around them played
 Enchanting as a maiden's song.

The cycled ages in their turn,
 From first creation's matin day ;
 These waters have 'dentations worn
 The boulders in strange shapes away.

When Autumn comes, and golden hues
 Stream sweetly from the setting sun,
 Its glorious tints enhance the views,
 As o'er the Force the waters run.

The dazzling sprays in airy forms,
 Which from its base in clouds arise,
 Combine to give it wondrous charms
 To every longing poet's eyes.

The copse upon the distant hills,
 Which bloomed as parting days have gone,
 Bring out its past, and memory fills,
 As weary years keep rolling on.

Oft have the ancient Britons strolled
 Over those heaths and foggy fens,
 In summer's heat and winter's cold,
 And scaled those cliffs and rock-bound glens.

Here Druid priests, with rites they bore,
 Have worshipped in this sylvan shade
 To their false gods—Woden and Thor—
 And with their incense homage paid.

The cotter's homes, so pure and white,
 Stand out on many distant hills ;
 And beach-deck'd woods, with foliage bright,
 The circling scene with beauty fills.

While on its banks, and by its side,
 The feathery fern in beauty grows,
 And flowers, fit for a Prince's bride,
 Deck all, where Nature's charms repose.

And we to-day with pleasure stand
 To gaze upon the famous Fall ;
 As from its heights, majestic, grand,
 It rushes down, a joy to all.

OLD ENGLAND, MY NATIVE LAND.

There's not a spot on British ground
 But hath some charms for me,
 E'en in its lonely dells I've found
 Loved treasures there to be.

The little cot that stands alone
 Close by the mountain brow,
 A picture I would ever own
 To sweeten life's days through.

The cherub children's ruddy cheeks,
 With fragrance like the flowers,
 And chattering tongue at once bespeaks
 How bright their morning hours.

Fair lakes that flow by mount and glen,—
 With crystal waves around,
 The sombre shade the mountain fen
 To me with charms abound.

The Tyne, the Tees, and hallowed Dee,
 The Thames and Tweed beside,
 Have charms that ever give to me,
 A vein of English pride.

Bright pearls may deck a monarch's crown
 And dazzle with their glare ;
 But though he lies on beds of down
 He finds life full of care.

Not so the man whose soul can roam
 O'er British hills and dales,
 He feels a joy though far from home
 By her entrancing vales.

Famed Poets lived within her bounds,
 And Patriots by their side,
 Whose honoured lives, with grace redounds
 To be their nation's guide.

She's true to-day as when her King,—
 Her noble Arthur reigned,
 And with her acts in every thing
 To aid what he once gained.

Betimes she struggles with a force
 For just and righteous laws,
 That progress in its onward course,
 Might gain its honoured cause.

Her power is felt in every land
 She's master of the seas,
 She's bold to crush oppression's hand
 And help life's cares to ease.

Her press with rich and noble thought
 Pours forth from wealth in store,
 And education fondly sought
 Young minds still thirst for more.

How sweet when days of rest come round,
 And Church bells call to prayer,—
 When sacred song, with welcome sound,
 Ascends from myriads there.

Then young hearts beat with fervent love,
 The old with hope and grace,
 Each looking up to things above
 And a more hallowed place.

Old England, then, I love thy name,
 And those who've passed away,—
 Who've given to the world a fame
 Bright as a sun-lit ray.

Long may thy name in honour stand
 With nations all around,—
 That peace and love in every land
 May with its name be found.



THE SONG OF THE BLACKBIRD.

Carol on, carol on, thou bonny blackbird,
 Thy notes are as grand as the nightingale's song
 When it sings in the shade and its music is heard
 With echoes resounding the Autumn nights long.

What music is thine, and what melody too,
 As it sings its sweet song in the evening air ;
 It thrills my lone soul with its sweet music through,
 When I wander the fields from life's busy care.

The lark with its singing in mornings of June,
 Is so welcome to all to cheer us by day,
 When it soars to the sky in high choral tune
 Till it drops to the earth and its notes die away.

Other birds have their songs in Spring days as well,
 And they cheer all the while as they fly o'er the
 lea ;
 Then young hearts are glad, for they love long to
 dwell
 On the song of the birds that sing on each tree.

But O the sweet notes of the bonny blackbird
 Give joy to us all at the lone eventide,
 When with warbling song its melody's heard
 Where the wild flowers grow by the lone mountain
 side.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow ! how strange is that word,
 What seer or prophet can record
 The mysteries that lie close concealed
 Of thoughts and deeds yet unrevealed ?
 Young love looks up with anxious care
 For scenes that lie enshrouded there.
 While hope lays hold with grasping hand
 The joys that in the distance stand.
 And some are trembling on the brink,
 Fearing to touch the fragile link
 That lies between the passing hours,
 Which brings the morrow nearer ours.
 To some a joy its hours will bring ;
 With sunshine on the sunbeam's wing.
 Uniting those, long years have lost,
 With anxious care and unknown cost ;
 While some are dreading its advent,
 Whose lives below are nearly spent.
 But, when comes the mystic morrow,
 May its dawn be shorn of sorrow.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

A little farm my father kept
 In a lonely wayside village,
 When, in one night a stranger stept
 To inquire about the tillage.

He spoke about the meadow lands,
 And the crops beside the river ;
 But I saw how oft his pale white hands
 In a strange way seemed to quiver.

His eyes kept watching all the while
 As I sat beside the table,
 I wished him oft beyond the Nile
 If I'd only just then been able.

My cheeks kept blushing rosy pink
 As the stranger kept on watching,
 I felt as through the floor I'd sink,
 As the two in jokes were fratching.

The only secret of his call
 Was to see the farmer's daughter ;
 He'd often watched her from the Hall
 As she sailed along the water.

That night he won my beating heart,
 And my father too consented ;
 And though 'twas cruel work to part,
 Yet we never once repented.

For now the little farm's his own,
 And he lives in peace contented,
 And never mourns, though oft he's prone,
 That he ever then consented.

Now I've a mansion bright and gay,
 And that stranger is the giver ;
 We live in peace from day to day,
 In this Hall beside the river.

Such cheeks the little ones have got,
 And they look so like the mother,
 Before the parson tied the knot,
 Between the one and the other.

I often think of farmer's life,
 Of the farm-yard and the chickens,
 Before I was a yeoman's wife,
 When I used to gather wickens.

And when the snow was on the ground,
 And the cows were all to fodder,
 I still was cheerful, winter round,
 With few cares my life to bother.

I loved to see the spring come on,
 With the hawthorn on the hedges ;
 Then was the time for mirth and fun,
 Like true lovers in their sledges.



THE HOME OF THE GENTLE
HOUSEWIFE.

How sweet is home, how prized is life,
However scant the fare,
If you have got a cheerful wife
To ease life's heavy care.

The frugal meals go sweetly down
Which she gives with a cheer;
'Tis worth to him a regal crown,
And he has nought to fear.

If he has got a pet or two,
With plainer clothes to wear;
And she gives kindly words to you,
Why, what need he to care?

No gem is like her gentle smile;
No dress, however rare,
Can give to her a richer style;
Then why need mortal care?

The world is full of pomp and pride,
At which the vain may stare;
But these oft into eddies glide,
And then they have to care.

A loving wife is brighter far
 Than ruby gems can be ;
 She shines more fair than jewell'd star,—
 A prize indeed is she.

If homes are plain, and all agree
 Each other's load to bear,
 The path of life will sweeter be,
 And cloudy days be rare.

A happy home is like a well
 Where gushing waters flow,
 Refreshing all who round it dwell,
 Or to its fountains go.

Those hearts are happy and content
 Who can their comforts share,
 And in the end, when life is spent,
 Depart without a care.

A legacy they leave behind,
 Richer than a miser's prize ;
 'Tis wealth of greater worth and kind—
 The gold of loving ties.



PEACEFUL BRITAIN.

How calm and tranquil are thy vales.
 Where 'mid thy sweet and sunny dales,
 Fair Albion,
 The peaceful swain, though poor his lot,
 Reposes in his ivy cot,
 Oft gazing on the distant hills
 Till his enraptur'd spirit fills
 With grateful song.

Sweet music in *Æolian* sound,
 With zephyr chords are sweetly found,
 Soft and new.
 Passing through the leafless trees,
 Like merry notes from summer bees,
 Where all is tranquil and serene
 As silver rays from night's fair queen,
 On sparkling dew.

Few waves come o'er thy peaceful breast,
 To wake the quiet of your rest,
 O Albion.
 Or fill the home with sorrows deep,
 Or make the maid in anguish weep
 For some lov'd form on battle-field,
 For there his life for glory seal'd
 In vict'ries won.

Thy peaceful flocks may graze at ease,
 Thy ships may sail o'er any seas,
 Old England ;
 Thy flag may fly where'er it will,
 From east or west thy sails may fill,
 And all thy sons a welcome find,
 Where commerce closer bonds doth bind—
 With open hand.

Egyptia hath her marbles left,
 But of her prestige she's bereft
 Centuries past.

The granite monoliths may tell
 How once in power she did excel ;
 But the famed glory of that age
 Is dimly seen on history's page—
 Though once so vast.

But Britons take a bolder stand
 Than those of Egypt's sunny land—
 Though they were great,
 Their moral power shall live and last,
 With brighter memories of the past
 Than those which granite blocks inscribe
 To Grecian name or Nubian tribe—
 With all their fate.

When peace prevails, the sons of toil
 Apply their skill to aid the soil,
 For fruitful seed.

The busy hands of toiling throngs
 The daily task of work prolongs,
 With merry ring of anvils beat,
 Where labour'd art is made complete
 For all our need.

Then progress, with its onward march,
 Shall triumph with a famed research
 For every good.

The peaceful tide of virtue's power
 Shall flow unbroken every hour,
 And every home and every heart
 Shall share the blessings they impart,
 In mental food.

As rivers from their source to sea
 Meander through the plain and lea
 Their gifts to bear,
 So England with its wealth is stirred
 To feel for those whose lot is hard,
 And with it gives in liberal style,
 To distant lands beyond this isle,
 To ease their care.

May precious peace o'er thee remain,
 On every hill, on every plain,
 Isle of the sea.
 And nations that delight in war
 May watch it as their guiding star—

Shall to the world at large proclaim
 A blissful era in her name,
 And peaceful be.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE,
 OR
 "WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN, BUT THEE?"

O, who among the hosts of Heaven
 That shine in soft Seraphic light,
 Who round Thy Throne for ever live
 In perfect bliss, 'mid beams so bright,
 We have no one but Thee.

What Seraph ever left his seat
 To dwell with sinful mortals here?
 To bring redemption to our race,
 And speak forgiveness in the ear,
 There was no one but Christ.

The highest sons that wing their flight
 To heaven's ethereal plains above,
 Ne'er stopp'd to lift one sinner up
 To share a heavenly Father's love,
 But Christ the Saviour did.



'Tis true the parent knows his child
 Is safe upon the shining shore,
 But then so vast and wide the love
 Which Christ to dying sinners bore,
 He knows no love like Christ's.

So great was God's eternal love
 To Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
 That he gave up His only Son,
 To bleed and die upon the tree,
 And all our sufferings bore.

Well may exulting spirits say—
 "Whom have we in heaven, but Thee,"
 Thou glorious King, Thou Prince of Peace,
 Thou essence of the Deity,
 Thou gracious Son of God.

And now amid the crystal walls,
 Afresh enthroned, from strife and war,
 He shines above the golden streets,
 Brighter than the brightest star,
 Of all the hosts of heaven.

That Man of Sorrows, and of grief,
 Who had not where to lay His head,
 Is now at God's, the Father's side,
 A victor, who to victory led,
 And conqueror of the graves.

If all the world would turn to Him,
 Then lost in love, so great and free
 Men would adore and truly say,
 Whom have we in heaven, but Thee,
 Thou Son of Righteousness.

O hasten on the happy day,
 When all within this fallen world
 Shall live in peace beneath that flag,
 Which grace and mercy hath unfurl'd,
 The banner of the Cross.

Whom in Heaven have we but Thee,
 Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
 Our love to Thee shall never end,—
 Our praise of Thee shall never cease,
 Thou sent of God to Man.





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